



A SIXTH DOCTOR & JAMIE ADVENTURE

The Wreck Of The Titan

A FOUR-PART STORY BY BARNABY EDWARDS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time traveller.

JAMIE McCRIMMON: FRAZER HINES

Time traveller's companion.

THERESA 'TESS' PILKINGTON / MYRA SELFIDGE:

(30s) English adventuress aboard the *Titanic* / New York socialite on the *Titan*.

EDWARD 'TEDDY' TRUMAN / JOHN ROWLAND:

(30s) First Officer aboard the *Titanic* / English sailor on the *Titan*.

PROFESSOR PIERRE ARONNAX:

(60s) (*pronounced arra-nacks*) A French marine biologist aboard the *Nautilus*.

CAPTAIN NEMO:

(50s) The enigmatic helmsman of the *Nautilus*.

PASSENGERS, LOOKOUT & SUBMARINERS played by members of the company.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2009

231163-15

PART ONE:

1. THE LOWER DECK OF AN OCEAN LINER. NIGHT.

(FX: THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF THE GREAT SHIP'S ENGINES; THE FLICK OF THE BREEZE ACROSS THE DECK; THE DISTANT SWELL OF THE OCEAN. THE SLOW GRIND OF THE TARDIS MATERIALIZING BEHIND THE METAL DOOR OF A NEARBY CARGO HOLD. A SEAGULL CRIES IN ALARM & FLAPS OFF. FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY CLIMB A METAL LADDER; THE METAL DOOR FROM THE HOLD SQUEAKS OPEN)

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING & INHALING DEEPLY) Ah, perfect! That heady combination of iodine and ozone, with a smattering of sodium particulates. Just what the Doctor ordered! (CALLS BACK INTO THE HOLD) You can come out now, Jamie.

(FX: THERE'S A DISTANT METALLIC CLUNK AS JAMIE WALKS INTO SOMETHING IN THE HOLD)

JAMIE:

(IN THE HOLD) Ow!

DOCTOR:

Watch your head on the ladder. Here, take my hand. That's it.

(FX: JAMIE CLIMBS & EMERGES AWKWARDLY. HE IS BLINDFOLDED)

JAMIE:

I'm a little too old for blind man's bluff, Doctor. Can't I take this thing off?

DOCTOR:

It's your first proper trip in the TARDIS. I wanted to surprise you. Besides, sight is a deeply overrated sense. Now, what do your ears tell you?

JAMIE:

That it's a wee bit nippy.

DOCTOR:

Ye-es. How about your nostrils?

JAMIE:

They're cold, too.

DOCTOR:

I don't know why I bother. We have just travelled through time and space, and all you can do is moan about the weather. I thought it was only the English who did that.

JAMIE:

(HOTLY) Hey, I'm no Sassenach! (MORE CALMLY) Listen, Doctor, I know you want me to believe that this 'TARDIS' of yours has magicked us out of Scotland, but I'll not ween it until I see it with my own eyes.

DOCTOR:

Oh, very well. Take the wretched blindfold off. Well?

JAMIE:

(SANS BLINDFOLD; FLATLY) We're on a ship. At night.

DOCTOR:

Not just any ship, Jamie. This is the Queen Mary – on her maiden voyage out from Southampton to New York.

JAMIE:

The colonies? Have you lost your head, Doctor? We've enough trouble in Scotland without fighting the English in America – or the French for that matter. C'mon, let's go back to the TARDIS before we get pressganged.

DOCTOR:

Ah-ah! (FX: THE DOCTOR CLOSES THE HOLD DOOR. CLANG!)

JAMIE:

Hey. Open the door!

DOCTOR:

It's May 1936, Jamie. Two centuries after your time. America's quite civilized now – for the most part. Besides, this isn't a ship of war. Not yet, at any rate. This is the RMS Queen Mary, one of the world's first luxury liners. It's a hotel on water; a floating inn, if you like.

JAMIE:

(SCEPTICAL) A floating inn? Then where are all the guests?

DOCTOR:

If that clock over there's accurate, I imagine they'll be partaking of postprandial refreshment in the cocktail lounge – where you and I shall shortly be joining them. In fact, if you'd care to consult the noticeboard beneath the clock, I daresay you'll discover a drinks menu.

JAMIE:

Do they have a special one for stowaways?

DOCTOR:

Aha! But we're not stowaways: we're paid guests. (HE REACHES INTO HIS JACKET POCKET & PRODUCES TWO TICKETS) Voilà! Two tickets for the Queen Mary. First class.

JAMIE:

How did you get those?

DOCTOR:

I rendered some trifling service to his Majesty and he gave me these by way of reward. I've been dying to use them ever since. Now, why not peruse that noticeboard while I fetch you some suitable evening wear from the TARDIS? I think perhaps a black DJ for you – it'll go with your kilt so much better than my white tuxedo.

JAMIE:

You knew I'd jump to the wrong conclusion, didn't you? You just wanted me to make a fool of myself.

DOCTOR:

Now Jamie, would I do a thing like that?

JAMIE:

Yes. (HE MOVES OFF)

DOCTOR:

(TRIES THE HOLD DOOR BUT IT'S JAMMED SHUT. TO HIMSELF) Funny... (HE TRIES AGAIN) Blast! (ALOUD) Jamie? Give me a hand with this door, would you? I think I may have slammed it a little too forcefully just now.

JAMIE:

(APPROACHING) Put the blindfold on, Jamie. Take the blindfold off, Jamie. Go over there, Jamie. Come back here, Jamie. Make up your mind, won't you?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps if we both pull together?

JAMIE:

Anything you say, Doctor. (STRAINING) You're wrong, you know. About the name of the ship.

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING) A minute ago you didn't even know what century this was. (THEY GIVE UP TRYING THE DOOR)

JAMIE:

(PANTING SLIGHTLY) Ah, but that was before I perused the noticeboard. You got the date wrong, too, by the way. It's not May 1936: it's the 14th of April, 1912. And this isn't the Queen Mary – or the Queen Anything Else. It's-

DOCTOR:

(REALIZING) The Titanic.

(FX: THE GREAT FOG HORN BLASTS)

OPENING THEME MUSIC.

2. THE COCKTAIL TERRACE, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: THE BREEZE BLOWS. THE SHIP MOVES ON. FROM BEHIND THE GLASS PORTHOLES WE CAN HEAR THE DESULTORY CHATTER OF THE CAPTAIN'S COCKTAIL PARTY. THE BAND ARE PLAYING 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE'. THE EXTERNAL DOOR OPENS, THE COCKTAIL PARTY BECOMES LOUDER FOR A MOMENT, THEN THE DOOR CLOSES. MALE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ACROSS THE DECK, THEN STOP. THEY BELONG TO TEDDY TRUMAN, THE ETONIAN FIRST OFFICER)

TEDDY:

A penny for your thoughts, Miss Pilkington?

(FX: TESS PILKINGTON, A GLAMOROUS ENGLISHWOMAN WHO'S BEEN GAZING OUT TO SEA, STARTS AT THE SOUND. IT'S VERY COLD)

TESS:

Teddy! I didn't see you there. I may call you Teddy, mayn't I?

TEDDY:

You may. So long as I can call you Tess.

TESS:

I'd be glad if you did. Theresa's such a dowdy name. Positively spinsterish.

TEDDY:

(LEANING ON THE RAIL) So, Tess, what is it that drags you away from the Captain's cocktail party and out here into the cold night?

TESS:

Adventure. Something is going to happen tonight, Teddy. Something momentous... elemental. And you and I are going to be a part of it. (SHIVERS) I can feel it in my bones.

TEDDY:

I'm surprised you can feel anything at this temperature. Aren't you freezing?

TESS:

Yes. But it makes me feel alive.

TEDDY:

And ensuring you stay that way is one of my chief responsibilities. So, as First Officer aboard this vessel, I feel it my duty to escort you inside and order you a hot toddy. What do you say to that, Tess?

TESS:

(DISTRACTED) What a funny-looking pair.

TEDDY:

I'm sorry?

TESS:

Down there, on the lower deck. A man in a kilt and another wearing some kind of musical hall outfit: a sort of short-tailed dinner jacket. White, to boot. Looks as though they're trying to prise open that door. Do you suppose they're burglars?

TEDDY:

(SUDDENLY OFFICER-LIKE) Miss Pilkington, would you kindly return to the cocktail lounge?

TESS:

What are you going to do? Confront them?

TEDDY:

Never you mind, miss.

TESS:

You are, aren't you? You're going to have it out with them. This I have to see! Come on, Teddy. (SHE MOVES OFF)

TEDDY:

Miss Pilkington! Tess!

(FX: HE HURRIES AFTER HER)

3. THE LOWER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR & JAMIE ARE TRYING TO PRISE OPEN THE DOOR WITH A BOATHOOK. WITH A SPLINTERING OF WOOD, THE BOATHOOK SNAPS IN HALF. THEY PANT WITH EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

It's no good. It won't budge. We're going to need something stronger than a boathook.

JAMIE:

Couldn't we just find someone to open it for us?

DOCTOR:

You're forgetting, Jamie: we have tickets for the Queen Mary, not the Titanic. How would we explain our presence on board?

JAMIE:

Ah, I see what you mean. We'd be taken for stowaways and thrown in the brig.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. And I'm afraid we really don't have time for that. Look at the clock: it's 11.20pm!

JAMIE:

So?

DOCTOR:

Jamie, this is the Titanic. Forty-six thousand tons of steel, wood and glass; nine storeys of Art Nouveau splendour; nearly nine hundred feet long and ninety feet wide, with a capacity for three and a half thousand passengers and crew. It's the biggest ship the world has known and in just twenty minutes' time it's going to hit an iceberg the size of Ben Nevis and sink!

JAMIE:

Sink?

DOCTOR:

The iceberg rips a hole three hundred feet long in the starboard side. Seawater begins to fill the watertight compartments, but as it does so, each compartment automatically seals itself. The ship's designers have thought of everything, you see. The Titanic can happily stay afloat with four fully-flooded compartments. The trouble is, the fifth one begins filling with water, too. By 2.20 this ship – and over half the souls on board – will be two miles beneath the surface of the sea.

JAMIE:

(BEAT) I'll look for another way into the hold.

DOCTOR:

You do that. I'll see if I can lay my hands on a crowbar or an axe.

JAMIE:

(BEGINNING TO MOVE OFF) Right.

DOCTOR:

And Jamie. (JAMIE STOPS) Don't dawdle.

JAMIE:

I'll be back before you can say haggis.

(FX: JAMIE DASHES OFF)

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Haggis.

4. THE STAIRWELL, LOWER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: WITH A CLATTER OF SHOE LEATHER ON METAL STEPS, TESS & TEDDY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. THEY PAUSE)

TEDDY:

(PANTING) Wait, Tess. Wait! Let me catch my breath.

TESS:

(PANTING) Exhilarating, isn't it? What do you suppose they're after? The burglars.

TEDDY:

Not burglars: saboteurs. That door leads to the rear cargo hold and from there into the propeller room.

TESS:

You think they're here to nobble the propellers? Why?

TEDDY:

To delay the ship. All our insurance is predicated on the Titanic reaching New York on time. If we're so much as a day late, it could cost the White Star Line hundreds of thousands of pounds – to say nothing of the loss of face. Our competitors would be rubbing their hands with glee.

TESS:

You mean, those two could be from a rival company? How thrilling!

TEDDY:

Not quite the word I'd have chosen.

TESS:

But if they're professional saboteurs, won't they be prepared for opposition? They might even be armed!

TEDDY:

Which is why all senior crew are permitted to carry one of these.

(FX: TEDDY TAKES OUT A PISTOL & COCKS IT)

TESS:

What if we're wrong? What if they're just passengers?

TEDDY:

Then I shall offer my profoundest apologies and escort them to the cocktail lounge for some complimentary champagne. Now wait here, please, and let me handle this.

TESS:

But-

TEDDY:

(SHARPLY) No arguments. Please. If I'm not back in five minutes, raise the alarm. Whatever you do, don't follow me! Promise?

TESS:

(RELUCTANTLY) Promise.

TEDDY:

Good. Toodle pip, Miss Pilkington.

(FX: TEDDY PATTERS OFF)

TESS:

(WITH A SIGH) Toodle pip, Lieutenant Truman.

(FX: NEARBY, A DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

JAMIE:

(OFF) What? (A THUMP OF HAND ON METAL) What kind of an idiot builds a thing like that?

TESS:

(TO HERSELF) I only promised not to follow you, Teddy...

(FX: SHE TOTTERS AFTER THE NOISE)

5. THE ENTRANCE TO BELOW DECKS, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: OUTDOORS. JAMIE IS EXPERIMENTALLY THUMPING A FLAT EXPANSE OF STEEL)

JAMIE:

(TO HIMSELF) It makes no sense.

TESS:

(APPROACHING. BRIGHTLY) So little does these days.

JAMIE:

Oh! Ah, good evening, miss. I was just, er, just... about to shut this door.

(FX: HE SHUTS THE METAL DOOR)

TESS:

Theresa Pilkington. But you can call me Tess. And you are?

JAMIE:

Jamie. Jamie McCrimmon.

TESS:

We had a dog called Jamie! A boxer. Used to love eating apples. Bits of skin and pulp everywhere. He really was the messiest - (REALIZING WHAT SHE'S SAYING) Oh. Sorry.

JAMIE:

That's all right. I'm quite fond of apples myself. Now, if you'll forgive me, I'd best be getting on.

TESS:

(HURRIEDLY) What makes no sense?

JAMIE:

I beg your pardon?

TESS:

Just now, you said 'It makes no sense'.

JAMIE:

Oh, ah, yes: this door.

TESS:

(INNOCENTLY) You were trying to get into the hold?

JAMIE:

Exactly. I thought this might lead down there, but it doesn't.

TESS:

Where does it lead?

JAMIE:

Nowhere. There's just a sheet of blank metal behind it. See. (HE OPENS THE DOOR TO SHOW HER, THUMPING THE STEEL AGAIN) That's what doesn't make sense. Why go to the trouble of building a door that doesn't go anywhere.

TESS:

Perhaps they didn't have time to finish it off before we left Southampton. You know, what with the deadlines and everything. I mean, one hears that a delay of even a single day could scupper the entire venture. You know what insurance firms are like.

JAMIE:

Can't say as I do, missy. I only know that I've got to find a way into that hold – and soon.

TESS:

Might one enquire as to why?

JAMIE:

(AWKWARD) Well, it's... That is, I have to... It's difficult to explain.

TESS:

(BRIGHTLY) Perhaps I can help you search? Let's try the next door down, shall we? Come on, Jamie.

(FX: THEY MOVE OFF)

6. THE LIFEBOATS, LOWER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS BACK A TARPAULIN & SEARCHES UNDER IT FOR SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR)

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Come on, Doctor. Time's running out.

TEDDY:

(APPROACHING) Can I help you, sir?

DOCTOR:

What? Oh, good evening... er... (READING THE STRIPES) Lieutenant. I was, um, just checking these lifeboats here. (PATTING THE WOODWORK) Very sound. Not that they'll be needed, of course, but one never knows, does one?

TEDDY:

Were you looking for something in particular?

DOCTOR:

No, just, making sure everything was shipshape and Bristol fashion. What time is it, by the way?

TEDDY:

Time you were back in your cabin, sir. Let me escort you there. What number did you say it was?

DOCTOR:

I didn't actually.

TEDDY:

(SMOOTHLY) My mistake. Or perhaps you'd prefer me to take you straight to the lower cargo hold?

DOCTOR:

I say, that would be splendid!

TEDDY:

I'm sure it would. And thence to the propeller room, no doubt, where you can execute your little act of sabotage.

DOCTOR:

Sabotage? My dear fellow, I fear you have me mixed up with someone else.

TEDDY:

For your sake, I wish that were true. (THE CLICK OF THE PISTOL BEING COCKED) Hands up, Mr...?

DOCTOR:

(OBEYING) Doctor, as a matter of fact. And you are?

TEDDY:

First Officer.

DOCTOR:

(SCANNING HIS MEMORY; TO HIMSELF) First Officer... First Officer aboard the Titanic was... Aha! (TO TEDDY) I take it I am addressing the redoubtable Lieutenant William McMaster Murdoch?

TEDDY:

You are not. I'm the doubting Edward James Truman, actually. As far as I know, there's no Murdoch on this ship.

DOCTOR:

What?

7. THE LOWER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: OUTDOORS. JAMIE IS OPENING DOORS AS HE & TESS MOVE ALONG. ALL OF THEM HAVE BLANK STEEL WALLS BEHIND THEM)

JAMIE:

Blank. (HE SHUTS THE DOOR, MOVES ON & OPENS THE NEXT)
Blank. This doesn't make any sense. (HE SHUTS THE DOOR, MOVES ON & OPENS THE NEXT ONE)

TESS:

Blank. How peculiar. Try that hatchway over there.

JAMIE:

(MOVING TO THE NEARBY HATCHWAY IN THE DECK FLOOR) Let's see, shall we? (JAMIE REACHES DOWN TO GRAB THE HANDLE)
Fingers crossed. (HE LIFTS THE HATCH. NOTHING)

JAMIE / TESS:

Blank!

JAMIE:

(LETTING THE HATCH DROP CLOSED AGAIN) Something's not right here. I can feel it in my bones.

TESS:

I had that earlier! A sort of presentiment, a feeling that something exciting's going to happen.

JAMIE:

Careful what you wish for, miss. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT)
Is there any way to get down from above – from inside one of the other levels? An internal staircase or something?

(FX: FOR A SECOND THE WORLD SEEMS TO SHIMMER & READJUST)

TESS:

(MOMENTARILY DISCOMBOBULATED) I... I don't know.

JAMIE:

You've never been below decks before?

TESS:

Of course not! It's Third Class. (SWIFTLY) Naturally I don't believe in the class system, you understand, but it's not the done thing to fraternize.

JAMIE:

Nice to see some things never change – even after two hundred years. So, Miss Tess, if below decks is awash with peasants and undesirables – how did they get there? Or can they float through solid steel like ghosts?

8. STAIRWELL, LOWER TO UPPER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS CLIMBING, WITH TEDDY BEHIND HIM)

DOCTOR:

Look, we really don't have time for this.

TEDDY:

Had other plans, did we? Like sabotaging the propellers?

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) For the last time, I am not a saboteur. And since when did officers on the Titanic carry guns?

TEDDY:

Since it became necessary to defend the ship from people like you. Impostors. Keep climbing!

(FX: THEY REACH THE UPPER DECK. WE HEAR THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY & SNATCHES OF 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE' FROM THE BAND. THE DOCTOR STOPS & ROUNDS ON TEDDY)

DOCTOR:

If anyone round here's an impostor it's you, Lieutenant Truman. William Murdoch is First Officer aboard the Titanic. He's a Scot, married to Ada Banks. You're English, you're not wearing a wedding ring and moreover that gun you're holding is a P08 parabellum pistol manufactured in 1900 by Georg Luger and the firearm of choice for the German Army. Who are you really?

(FX: ANOTHER SHIMMER & READJUST, A TAD LARGER THIS TIME)

TEDDY:

(MOMENTARILY DISCOMBOBULATED) I... I'm Lieutenant Edward Truman. First Officer aboard the RMS Titanic, serving under Captain Edward J Smith.

DOCTOR:

Part of that's true, at least. Captain Smith is indeed in charge of this ship. For about another ten minutes.

TEDDY:

(OPENS A DOOR) Stop talking rot and get in there. Go on.

DOCTOR:

(DOING SO) A little library? How delightful. Am I to be treated to a bedtime story before you shoot me?

TEDDY:

Of course. (HE SLAMS THE DOOR & LOCKS IT) But first, I need to locate your accomplice.

9. THE LOWER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: AS BEFORE. JAMIE RUNS UP)

JAMIE:

(CALLING) Doctor! Doctor! (TO HIMSELF) Of all the times to go swanning off! (ALoud) Doctor!

TESS:

(RUNS UP & STOPS, PANTING) Mister McCrimmon – Jamie – what did you mean just now about ghosts? Was it a metaphor?

JAMIE:

A metal floor? Aye, and metal walls, too. That's the problem! And ghosts is what you and I'll become if we don't get off this ship.

TESS:

(GIGGLES) Metaphor. Metal floor. Very good! I knew you two must be in music hall. What does your friend do, the one in the albino evening jacket?

JAMIE:

The Doctor? You've seen him?

TESS:

Only from a distance. Teddy and I – or rather, Lieutenant Truman and I – saw you trying to break through that door there. Teddy thought you were saboteurs, but I knew you were theatricals. I used to dabble myself, so I can tell a fellow thespian.

JAMIE:

A fellow what?

TESS:

So, what's in the hold that you want so badly?

JAMIE:

A big blue box. It's our ticket out of here.

TEDDY:

(EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS) And what's in this blue box of yours?

TESS:

Teddy! Where did you spring from?

TEDDY:

Cutting tools? Weapons? Explosives? Tell me. (HE COCKS HIS GUN) Tell me!

10. THE LIBRARY, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: ELEGANTLY PROPORTIONED; LEATHER SOFAS; WOODEN BOOKSHELVES. THE MUFFLED TONES OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY CAN BE HEARD, TOGETHER WITH 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE'. THE DOCTOR IS SHOULDERING THE DOOR, BUT IT WON'T GIVE WAY)

DOCTOR:

(A SHOULDERING) Unghh! (GIVING UP) No good. Still, nice to see the White Star Line have spared no expense on the woodwork. Shame they didn't extend the same courtesy to the choice of literature on offer. (PICKING UP A BOOK FROM A NEARBY TABLE, WITH DISTASTE) 'Millie of the Marie Celeste'. I think you mean 'Mary Celeste', Mister er... (READING THE AUTHOR'S NAME) J.P. Tumley. Whoever you are. 'Another thrilling tale of adventure, romance and tragedy on the high seas from the author who brought you 'Mavis of the Medusa' and 'Georgina of the George'' Dear, oh dear. Let's see if your prose is as hackneyed as your publicity (THE DOCTOR OPENS THE BOOK) Well, well. (HE FLIPS THROUGH SEVERAL MORE PAGES) Well, well, well.

(FX: THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED & OPENED. JAMIE, TEDDY & TESS COME IN. JAMIE IS PROTESTING)

JAMIE:

(ENTERING) And I'm telling you: you've got it all wrong! (SEEING THE DOCTOR) Doctor! Would you tell this starched ninny here that we're not spies.

TEDDY:

Saboteurs.

DOCTOR:

I don't think it'd do any good, Jamie. Lieutenant Truman here was expecting to find saboteurs on board and our presence has merely confirmed his suspicions.

TEDDY:

(HEATEDLY) It bally well has! Forgive the intemperate language, Miss Pilkington.

TESS:

Teddy, perhaps they're telling the truth. I mean, it's not as if they've done anything particularly suspicious.

TEDDY:

Apart from trying to break into the lower cargo hold. We both saw them, Tess, clear as day. It's a full moon, so we can't have been mistaken.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) A full moon? That can't be right.

JAMIE:

There'd have been no need to break into anything, if you hadn't welded all the doors shut.

TEDDY:

What are you babbling about?

TESS:

It's true, Teddy. All the doors on the lower deck open onto nothing – just blank steel. They can't have had time to finish the Third Class accommodation before we set sail.

TEDDY:

Ridiculous. Harland and Wolff are the finest shipwrights in the world. They'd never have made such an oversight. Besides this ship has a full complement of passengers.

DOCTOR:

Then where are they?

TEDDY:

What?

DOCTOR:

Where are passengers? And the crew, for that matter.

TEDDY:

Don't you have ears, man? Who do you think that is, having drinks along the deck?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I have ears, Lieutenant Truman. And they're telling me something's not quite right with that cocktail party of yours. Listen.

(FX: THE USUAL COCKTAIL CROWD; THE BAND FINISHES PLAYING 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE'. A LITTLE RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE)

JAMIE:

I don't get it, Doctor. Sounds pretty normal to me.

DOCTOR:

Wait!

(FX: THE BAND RESUMES PLAYING 'NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE')

And the band played on.

TESS:

(PUZZLED) The same tune. They're playing the same tune.

DOCTOR:

Full marks, Miss Pilkington.

TESS:

Tess, please.

DOCTOR:

Tess. That's the third time they've performed 'Nearer, My God, To Thee' since Lieutenant Truman locked me in here.

JAMIE:

What's so unusual about that? Maybe they don't know anything else.

DOCTOR:

Oh I doubt that, Jamie. Wallace Hartley is one of the most accomplished bandleaders in the business. Before he got this gig, he worked aboard the Titanic's rival ships, the Lusitania and the Mauretania. Our Wally has a musical repertoire as large as this vessel.

TEDDY:

Forgive my ignorance, but why is this significant?

DOCTOR:

It's significant, 'Teddy', because it reveals a lack of originality. It's too obvious, too much of a cliché. 'Nearer, My God, To Thee' is the tune the band played when the Titanic struck the iceberg and began to sink.

TESS:

Struck the iceberg?

(FX: THE WORLD SHUDDERS & SETTLES. LARGER THAN BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

The iceberg, yes. Or doesn't that happen in this version? Is it just saboteurs and debutantes and stiff upper lips? I expect customers have to pay more for the full Titanic Experience – sinking and all.

TEDDY:

The Titanic Experience? What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

What's the matter, Teddy Boy? Not got a scripted ad lib to fall back on?

JAMIE:

I don't understand either, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

It's a fake, Jamie. The whole thing is a fake.

(FX: THE SHIPS SHUDDERS AGAIN, MORE VIOLENTLY)

JAMIE:

A fake?

DOCTOR:

And not a very good one. Look at this book. (HE OPENS A BOOK & FANS THROUGH THE PAGES) Empty. Blank pages. (HE DROPS IT, PICKS UP ANOTHER & FLIPS THROUGH IT) This one, too. Nothing! They're not even by authors I've heard of – presumably whoever's running this gig doesn't want to pay for the copyright.

JAMIE:

This gig?

(FX: THE SHIP SHUDDERS AGAIN, THE BOOKCASES RATTLE)

DOCTOR:

They're set dressing, Jamie. Props. Like the canned music we can hear, like the mock up of the Lower Deck with its fake doors, like Lieutenant Truman's incongruous pistol.

TEDDY:

Mad. He's gone stark staring mad.

DOCTOR:

Have I? Come with me and I'll prove it. Cocktail time!

(FX: THE DOCTOR BARGES PAST & OUT ONTO THE DECK)

11. THE UPPER DECK, THE TITANIC. NIGHT.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS STRIDING ALONG, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS. THE SOUND OF THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE GETS CLOSER)

JAMIE:

(CATCHING UP WITH HIM) Wait, Doctor! You mean someone's made all this up? Why?

DOCTOR:

Money, I expect, Jamie. That's the usual reason. This is all designed for paying guests who get their kicks vicariously. Tragedy tourists, you could call them.

JAMIE:

But who'd pay to see a thousand people die?

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised. There are plenty of people out there with a surfeit of money and a deficit of taste. (WITH ANGRY IRONY) Roll up, roll up! Experience the last moments of the Titanic! Put yourself in the shoes of passengers who were actually there! Thrill as the iceberg looms! Gasp as it rips a hole in the ship's side! Shudder as you watch the mighty Titanic sink beneath the waves from the safety of your First Class lifeboat! We promise to make it A Night to Remember!

JAMIE:

Stop it, Doctor! That's sick.

DOCTOR:

It is indeed, Jamie. (THEY STOP BEFORE THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE — MUSIC & CHATTER) Here we are: the cocktail lounge. Time to pull down the curtain on this nasty little charade.

(FX: A GUN SHOT RICOCHETS OFF THE STEEL)

TEDDY:

(APPROACHING) Step away from that door, Doctor.

JAMIE:

I thought you said his gun was a fake.

DOCTOR:

I merely said incongruous.

TEDDY:

I don't know what you two are up to, but I can't allow you to disturb the other passengers.

DOCTOR:

I keep telling you, there are no other passengers! And if you'll allow me to open that door, I can prove it.

TEDDY:

(FIRES AGAIN; ANOTHER RICOCHET) No.

TESS:

(APPROACHING) But Teddy, what harm can there be?

TEDDY:

(IN PAIN) They... mustn't... open that door. They... mustn't.

(FX: THE SHIP SHUDDERS; TEDDY COLLAPSES)

TESS:

(RUSHING TO HELP HIM) Teddy! Teddy, are you all right?

JAMIE:

Doctor. If this place is a fake, what about them? Tess and Teddy.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. Actors? Androids? Holograms?

TESS:

(CLOSE TO TEARS) Stop talking about us as if we're not real! I am Theresa Pilkington of Chelsea and this is First Officer Edward Truman. We met at the Captain's cocktail party tonight. He said I could call him Teddy.

DOCTOR:

Miss Pilkington – Tess – the Titanic's First Officer was a Scot called Lieutenant William Murdoch. Like everything else on this so-called ship, Teddy here is the product of lazy research. Wrong name, wrong nationality, wrong gun.

TESS:

Stop it! Stop it!

DOCTOR:

(RELENTLESS) Like the books in the library, this whole floating edifice is a hack job. The real Wallace Hartley's band did indeed play 'Nearer, My God, To Thee', but only after the ship struck the iceberg.

(FX: THE SHIP BEGINS TO SHUDDER MORE VIOLENTLY)

And that full moon shining so brightly up in the starry sky shouldn't even be there: the night of Sunday the 14th of April was moonless.

TESS:

(GETTING WEAKER) No more... Please... No more.

DOCTOR:

No more? Don't you want to know the truth? (HE STRIDES TO THE DOOR) You say you met Teddy in here? Let's take a look at this famous cocktail party, shall we? (HE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR) There!

TESS:

(SCREAMS) No! (COLLAPSES IN A FAINT)

JAMIE:

A blank wall. Just like the ones below!

DOCTOR:

You said it yourself when we first landed, Jamie: I'll not ween it until I see it with my own eyes. You were right. Seeing is believing. (SHOUTING) All right, whoever you are, you can stop it now. We've rumbled your game. This is not the real Titanic!

(FX: AT THESE WORDS, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. THE SHUDDERING BECOMES A SQUEAL OF TWISTING METAL, ROPES CREAK AS THEY STRETCH & PULL, WOOD SPLINTERS & WARPS)

JAMIE:

(SHOUTING) Doctor! What's happening? Have we hit the iceberg?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) No, it's the ship. It's undergoing some sort of metamorphosis.

JAMIE:

(SHOUTING) Meta-what?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) It's changing!

JAMIE:

(SHOUTING) Changing? Into what?

(FX: BEFORE THEIR EYES THE TITANIC BEGINS TRANSFORMING INTO A DIFFERENT SHIP. THE DECK SHORTENS, MASTS BURST THROUGH THE DECK & UNFURL, THE IRONWORK WARPS & REFORMS. EVENTUALLY IT COMES TO A CLOSE. EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL — EXCEPT WE'RE ON A DIFFERENT SHIP)

12. THE UPPER DECK, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: THE TRANSFORMATION COMPLETE, WE ARE LEFT IN NEAR SILENCE SAVE FOR THE WHIP OF THE WIND IN THE VAST SAILS. THE DOCTOR & JAMIE STAND AMAZED)

DOCTOR:

A steam yacht. A huge, undamaged, immaculate steam yacht.

JAMIE:

The Titan.

DOCTOR:

The what?

JAMIE:

The name of the ship. It's written on those round things over there.

DOCTOR:

Lifebelts. So it is: 'The Titan'.

JAMIE:

Doctor, what just happened?

DOCTOR:

I... I don't know. I thought I did. I thought we were on some kind of theme park ride, but now I have no idea. First the Titanic, now the Titan. From steam ship to steam yacht, complete with sails, crow's nest... and crew!

JAMIE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Up there, there's someone in the crow's nest. (SHOUTING)
Ahoy there!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

13. THE CROW'S NEST, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: CREAKING OF THE ROPES; NEARBY FLAP OF THE SAIL — BUT IT ISN'T WINDY, JUST VERY COLD. THE LOOKOUT IS RUBBING HIS HANDS TO KEEP WARM. THE LOOKOUT IS A YOUNG COCKNEY)

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) Ahoy there! Lookout!

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF) Great: another mad toff. (SHOUTING) Ahoy there, sir!

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) This is the Titan is it not?

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF) I knew it. (SHOUTING DOWN) Aye, sir. It is: the 'Indestructible' Titan.

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) Would this be her maiden voyage?

LOOKOUT:

(SHOUTING DOWN) Nay, sir. This'll be my seventh crossing, though the Titan's made many more'n me.

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) I see. Look, this may sound rather odd...

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF) Here we go.

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) ... but what month is it?

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF) April, sir. April 1898.

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) And the hour?

LOOKOUT:

(SHOUTING DOWN) Just started Middle Watch, sir!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Thank you!

LOOKOUT:

(SHOUTING) You're welcome, sir. (TO HIMSELF) Some people. Honestly.

14. THE UPPER DECK, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

Middle Watch, Jamie. That's from midnight until four in the morning.

JAMIE:

But I thought you said the Titanic hit the iceberg at twenty to midnight?

DOCTOR:

We're not on the Titanic anymore; we're on the Titan. And it's 1898, not 1912.

JAMIE:

Aye, but it's still April, we're still at sea and it's still cold.

DOCTOR:

Less so, thanks to this fog. So many similarities and yet so many differences: the unsinkable Titanic – the indestructible Titan; one on her maiden voyage, the other an old hand at the crossing; a starry night, a foggy night. There's something we're missing, Jamie, something big. I feel I ought to have heard of the Titan.

TESS/MYRA:

(GROANS) Uhhhhh.

JAMIE:

Tess: she's coming round.

DOCTOR:

(HURRYING OVER) More to the point, she's still here.

JAMIE:

And that Teddy fellow, too. Except... look: he's got a beard now! Doctor, if you were wrong about the ship, maybe you were wrong about them as well.

DOCTOR:

The thought had occurred to me. Come on. Help me to sit her up. (THEY MOVE OVER TO HELP TESS) It's all right, Miss Pilkington. Gently does it. That's it.

TESS/MYRA:

(NOW AMERICAN. SLURRING SLIGHTLY) What happened?

DOCTOR:

We... hit a bit of turbulence. Nothing to worry about. Can you stand, Tess?

TESS/MYRA:

If you hold my arm. (DOING SO) Thank you. Who's Tess?

JAMIE:

You are: Miss Theresa Pilkington.

TESS/MYRA:

Listen, mister, I may have blacked out there for a second, but I haven't forgotten who I am. I'm Myra Selfridge. Mrs Myra Selfridge.

DOCTOR:

Of Chelsea?

MYRA:

Of New York City.

TEDDY/JOHN:

(GROANS) Uhhhh.

MYRA:

And just what in Hades is he doing there? (SHE WALKS OVER & KICKS TEDDY/JOHN, ELICITING A GROAN) The skunk!

JAMIE:

(WINCING) Nasty. Although he did have it coming.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) I wonder. (TO MYRA) Mrs Selfridge. This may sound impertinent, but who do you think this man is?

MYRA:

I don't think, sir: I know. This wastrel is John Rowland, a no-good ex-admirer of mine – and you can bet your bottom dollar he came aboard this ship with the express wish of blackmailing me.

JAMIE:

Blackmailing you?

MYRA:

I wasn't always Mrs Selfridge, you know. And John Rowland and I... well, we used to step out together a few years back. Even spoke about getting hitched. Then, one night, he just disappeared. Gambling debts, another woman, who knows? Never heard from him nor saw him again. Until now. (SHE DELIVERS ANOTHER WELL-PLACED KICK) The rat!

TEDDY/JOHN:

(NOT POSH NOW. WITH A GROAN) Is it any wonder, Myra? It's been five years and you still know how to kick a man when he's down. (GETS TO HIS FEET WITH A GRUNT & INTRODUCES HIMSELF) Lieutenant John Rowland, gentlemen. And you are?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Jamie McCrimmon.

JOHN:

Fellow countrymen, I see? What were you doing in New York? Business or pleasure.

MYRA:

As if you'd know the difference!

JAMIE:

New York? I thought that's where we were headed?

MYRA:

A man after your own heart, John. Doesn't know whether he's coming or going. (TO JAMIE) We just left, New York, Mister McCrimmon. Next port of call: Southampton. Unless you want to get off en route.

DOCTOR:

How far out are we from New York?

JOHN:

A fair ways. By now I reckon we should be roughly four hundred miles off Terranova.

JAMIE:

Terranova?

DOCTOR:

(WITH A SENSE OF DREAD) Newfoundland. Let's hope that's just another coincidence.

JAMIE:

Let's hope what's just another coincidence?

DOCTOR:

The Titanic hit the iceberg roughly four hundred miles off Newfoundland.

JAMIE:

But this isn't the Titanic. It's the Titan.

DOCTOR:

But what if they share the same fate?

LOOKOUT:

(FROM ABOVE, SHOUTING) Ice! Ice ahead! Iceberg! Right under the bows!

CLOSING THEME MUSIC.

PART TWO:

OPENING THEME MUSIC.

15. THE CROW'S NEST, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: WE EXPERIENCE THE LAST MOMENTS OF PART ONE FROM A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE. ORIGINAL TAKES IN ITALICS)

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) *How far out are we from New York?*

JOHN:

(FROM BELOW) *A fair ways. By now I reckon we should be roughly four hundred miles off Terranova.*

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF) Terranova. Gimme terra firma anyday. (HE PULLS HIS OILSKIN MORE TIGHTLY ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS) Actually, right now I'd settle for a fire, some dry clothes and a hot meat pie.

JAMIE:

(FROM BELOW, CONTINUING UNDERNEATH) *Terranova?*

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) *Newfoundland. Let's hope that's just another coincidence.*

JAMIE:

(FROM BELOW) *Let's hope what's just another coincidence?*

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) *The Titanic hit the iceberg roughly four hundred miles off Newfoundland.*

JAMIE:

(FROM BELOW) *But this isn't the Titanic. It's the Titan.*

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) *But what if they share the same fate?*

(FX: OVER THE ABOVE: A GUST OF WIND)

LOOKOUT:

(TO HIMSELF, GETTING TO HIS FEET) *Aye, aye. Looks like the fog's finally shifting. (IN HORROR) Oh my sweet Lord. (SHOUTING) Ice! Ice ahead! Iceberg! Right under the bows!*

(FX: A HORN BLASTS CLOSE TO. CUT TO:)

16. THE UPPER DECK, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE SAME HORN BLASTS AGAIN, ONLY FROM FURTHER AWAY)

MYRA:

We're going to hit it!

JOHN:

No, we're not: that iceberg's on its side. We're going to beach!

DOCTOR:

Everyone: hold onto something! Jamie, you and Myra grab that hawser! Tie it round you both.

JAMIE:

(DOING SO) What about you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Never mind me!

JOHN:

Against the railing, Doctor. Quick! Hold on!

DOCTOR:

(DOING SO) We're coming in too fast! Brace yourselves!

(FX: LIKE A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE DERAILING, THE TITAN SLAMS INTO THE SLOPING SIDE OF THE ICEBERG. WITH A HORRENDOUS SCREAMING OF METAL AGAINST ICE, 75,000 TONS OF STEAMER SLIDE UP THE ICEBERG & OUT OF THE WATER. GLASS SHATTERS, LIFEBOATS ARE SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS, THE MAST WITH THE LOOKOUT SNAPS & CRASHES INTO THE DECK)

LOOKOUT:

(LONG SCREAM CUT OFF ABRUPTLY AS HE HITS THE DECK)

(FX: MYRA SCREAMS. THE TITAN SCREECHES TO A HALT & SETTLES, ROPES SWINGING, STEAM ISSUING FROM VENTS. WE HEAR THE DISTANT SCREAMS OF THE PASSENGERS & CREW)

MYRA:

(PANTING) The lookout! Is he-?

JAMIE:

(COUGHING) Dead the moment the mast hit the deck, poor fellow. Are you all right? You're bleeding.

MYRA:

I'm fine. It's just where the rope bit into my shoulder.

JAMIE:

Sorry. I'm not very good with knots.

MYRA:

Don't apologize. Without your quick reactions, we'd both be dead. It's a good job you- (SUDDENLY NOTICING) Jamie! It's gone!

JAMIE:

What's gone?

MYRA:

The railing. The one John and the Doctor were holding onto.

JAMIE:

What? (CALLING) Doctor! Are you there, Doctor? Doctor!

MYRA:

(CALLING) John! John, can you hear me?

JAMIE:

(STRUGGLING AGAINST THE HAWSER) It's no good. This rope's not shifting. Can you reach my sock?

MYRA:

(SHIFTING UNCOMFORTABLY) Possibly. Why?

JAMIE:

That's where I keep my dirk — my knife. We'll have to cut ourselves free. C'mon, lassie!

MYRA:

(STRAINING TO REACH IT) All right! I'm going as fast as -

(FX: THE SHIP CREAKS OMINOUSLY & SUDDENLY LISTS 10 DEGREES TO STARBOARD. MYRA UTTERS A LITTLE SHRIEK. AN OIL DRUM ROLLS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE STEREO FIELD TO THE OTHER, BEFORE CLUNKING INTO THE RAILING.)

Jamie! It's listing. You don't think the ship's going to tip over, do you? Fall on its side?

JAMIE:

How should I know? But if it does, then the last place we want to be is dangling fifty feet in the air, tied to this thing. Now get that knife!

MYRA:

Of course. Sorry. (SHE STRAINS & SUCCEEDS) Got it! Here.

JAMIE:

(TAKING IT) Thanks! (HE STARTS TO CUT THE ROPES)

(FX: THE SHIP TILTS ANOTHER 10 DEGREES. STUFF ON THE DECK SLIDES PAST THEM & ACROSS TO THE LOWER SIDE OF THE SHIP)

MYRA:

Jamie...

JAMIE:

I'm going as fast as I can. (A PING AS HE FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN SEVERING THE ROPES) There! Done it. (THE ROPES DROP TO THE DECK) Let's climb to the higher side of the ship and see if we can spot the Doctor and John from there. Here, take my hand.

(FX: THEY CLIMB TO THE PORT SIDE OF THE SHIP & HOLD ONTO THE METAL RAILING. THE SHIP GROANS & SHIFTS BENEATH THEM)

MYRA:

(PANTING SLIGHTLY) Well?

JAMIE:

I can't see them anywhere.

MYRA:

You don't think they fell overboard, do you? Jamie, you don't think they're -

JAMIE:

I don't know! I'm going to climb onto the outside of the ship and see if I can get a better view. Stay here.

MYRA:

Be careful!

JAMIE:

(CLAMBERING OVER THE METAL RAIL ONTO THE OUTSIDE OF THE SHIP) Oh, I will be. (WE HEAR HIS FEET ON THE METAL HULL)

MYRA:

Anything?

JAMIE:

(OVER THE SIDE) Nothing. All these wee boats have been smashed to pieces, though.

MYRA:

The lifeboats wouldn't have done us much good anyway. We're on an iceberg, not in the water.

(FX: AT THOSE WORDS, THE TITAN SHIFTS OMINOUSLY)

JAMIE:

She's turning on her side! Myra: grab the railing!

MYRA:

Jamie!

(FX: THE TITAN TOPPLES ONTO ITS STARBOARD SIDE WITH A RESOUNDING CLASH. EVERYTHING NOT FIXED DOWN SLIDES & FALLS DOWN THE DECK TO SMASH 90 FEET BELOW. MYRA GRABS THE RAILING & SWINGS OVER THE ABYSS. DISTANT SCREAMS)

Jamie! I can't... hold on... I'm going to fall!

JAMIE:

No, you're not! Swing your leg up onto the railing. I'll grab you and pull you over.

MYRA:

I can't. I'll fall.

JAMIE:

(DELIBERATELY CALLOUS) Women. You're all the same!

MYRA:

What?

JAMIE:

All talk, no substance. You were perfectly happy to kick a man when he was unconscious, but when it comes to a wee bit of climbing, you act like a little girl. (MOCKING VOICE) 'I can't! I'll fall!' (CRUEL) Anyone so feeble deserves to fall.

MYRA:

(INCENSED) Feeble? (SWINGING HER LEG UP) I'll show you who's feeble, buster. (PULLING HERSELF UP & CLAMBERING OVER THE RAIL) And when I have, you'll be the one crying into his skirt. (SHE MAKES IT OVER) There!

JAMIE:

(GENUINELY) Well done, Myra. You're the bravest lass I know.

MYRA:

(PANTING) What? (REALIZING) You did it deliberately, didn't you? You said all that to spur me on.

JAMIE:

I couldn't reach you. The railings wouldn't take both our weights. You had to do it on your own.

17. THE OUTER HULL, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: CONTINUOUS WITH THE PREVIOUS SCENE, EXCEPT BOTH JAMIE & MYRA ARE LYING ON THE OUTER HULL OF THE SHIP)

MYRA:

(PANTING) Thank you. I owe you my life.

JAMIE:

No, you don't. You saved yourself.

(FX: WITH A CRUNCH OF IMPACTED ICE, THE TITAN BEGINS TO LOSE ITS GRIP ON THE ICE SHELF)

MYRA:

What's that?

JAMIE:

I've a nasty feeling this ship just turned into a sled.

MYRA:

You mean we're going to slide back into the water?

JAMIE:

Hold on!

(FX: THE TITAN BEGINS TO SLIDE BACK DOWN THE ICE SHELF, GATHERING SPEED LIKE A TOBOGGAN DOWN AN ICE RUN. WITH A HUGE SPLASH, THE SHIP CAREERS INTO THE WATER ON ITS SIDE)

MYRA:

(LAUGHING FOR JOY) We're afloat! The whole ship's on its side, but we're still afloat!

(FX: AT A DISTANCE, A PORTHOLE EXPLODES OPEN. THEN ANOTHER, CLOSER TO THEM. AIR WHISTLES OUT UNDER PRESSURE)

JAMIE:

Not for much longer. The seawater must be coming in and forcing the air out through this side of the ship.

(FX: ANOTHER PORTHOLE, CLOSER STILL EXPLODES)

MYRA:

What happens when all the portholes blow out?

JAMIE:

What happens when you drill a hole in a rowing boat?

(FX: ANOTHER PORTHOLE. DISTANT SCREAMS OF PASSENGERS. A SPECTACULAR EXPLOSION AS THE ENGINE ROOM BLOWS UP)

MYRA:

There goes the engine room.

JAMIE:

We need to get off this ship. Now.

MYRA:

But how? All the lifeboats are smashed to smithereens.

JAMIE:

(AN INSPIRATION) The TARDIS!

MYRA:

The what?

JAMIE:

The Doctor and I have our own ship. It's down below, at the rear end.

MYRA:

What if it's damaged, too?

JAMIE:

Not the TARDIS. The Doctor says it's indestructible.

MYRA:

That's what they said about the Titan.

JAMIE:

It's our only hope now. Come on!

(FX: THEY RUN OFF, THEIR FOOTSTEPS CLANGING ACROSS THE METAL HULL)

18. THE ENTRANCE TO BELOW DECKS, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: THE SEAWATER FROTHS NEARBY & WE HEAR DISTANT EXPLOSIONS & DISTANT CRIES OF THE DYING & DROWNING. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL APPROACH RAPIDLY FROM ABOVE & STOP. WE ARE BELOW, NEXT TO THE ENTRANCE TO BELOW DECKS)

JAMIE:

(FROM ABOVE) Down there. The door's open: look! We'll have to jump.

MYRA:

(FROM ABOVE) It must be fifteen feet!

JAMIE:

(FROM ABOVE) I'm not going to have to call you feeble again, am I?

MYRA:

(FROM ABOVE) If you put it like that... (A CRY AS SHE JUMPS DOWN, FOLLOWED BY A GRUNT & A CLANG AS SHE LANDS NEAR US)

JAMIE:

(FROM ABOVE) Myra? Are you all right?

MYRA:

(SHOUTING UP) Fine. Just winded. Come on!

JAMIE:

(FROM ABOVE) Here I coooooome! (A CLUNK & A GASP AS HE LANDS AWKWARDLY, SPRAINING HIS ANKLE. CRIES OUT) Ahh!

MYRA:

What's the matter?

JAMIE:

(IN PAIN) Nothing. My ankle. I just landed awkwardly, that's all.

MYRA:

Can you stand?

JAMIE:

Of course I can stand! (HE DOES SO & INVOLUNTARILY HISSES IN PAIN) Ahh!

MYRA:

Here. Lean on me: we're nearly there.

(FX: THE FROTHING SEA WATER IS GETTING CLOSER)

JAMIE:

Quick: into the hold before it fills with water. I'll lower you in.

MYRA:

No you won't. You first.

JAMIE:

I'm not going to argue. (HE LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE DOOR, WHICH IS AT 90 DEGREES & THEREFORE IS BENEATH THEIR FEET) The wall's only about five feet down. (A WINCE AS HE LANDS INSIDE ON HIS ANKLE; HIS VOICE IS A LITTLE ECHOY) There! Made it. Now you. And shut the door after you! The water's coming in!

MYRA:

Stand back! I'm coming through! (SHE CLAMBERS IN, SLAMMING THE DOOR AFTER HER)

(FX: THE SEAWATER FROTHS OVER THE DOOR & OVER US TOO. WE GO UNDERWATER WITH THE TITAN FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HEARING THE GREAT SHIP GROAN UNDERWATER)

19. THE HOLD, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: THE SEAWATER JETS THROUGH THE EDGES OF THE METAL DOOR AS MYRA & JAMIE TURN THE LOCKING WHEEL TO SEAL IT)

JAMIE:

Turn it! Come on, turn it!

(FX: THE JETS DIE AWAY; THEY STOP TURNING. BOTH PANT & SHIVER AS THEY STAND IN A FOOT OR SO OF ICY WATER. THE SHIP GROANS OUTSIDE AS IT SINKS SLOWLY BENEATH THE WAVES. THE ATMOSPHERE IS CLOSE & METALLIC)

We made it.

MYRA:

Did we? How are you going to launch this ship of yours from underwater?

JAMIE:

It's not that kind of ship. (HOPPING A COUPLE OF FEET THROUGH THE DEBRIS-STREWN WATER) Now, the TARDIS should be around here somewhere.

MYRA:

Hang on. (WE HEAR THE FLICK, FLICK, FLICK OF A ZIPPO LIGHTER. SUDDENLY IT IGNITES) There, that's better. At least we can see where we are now. So what does this TARDIS of yours look like? (BEAT) Jamie?

JAMIE:

(HORRIFIED) It's not here.

MYRA:

What?

JAMIE:

The TARDIS – it's gone.

20. THE FROTHING OCEAN. NIGHT.

(FX: WE CROSS TO AN EXTERNAL PERSPECTIVE. A MIGHTY EXPLOSION DESTROYS THE CENTRE OF THE SHIP, SPLATTERING THE NEARBY SEA WITH DEBRIS. WITH A TERRIBLE GRINDING OF TORTURED METAL THE 800FT-LONG SHIP SINKS BENEATH THE FROTHING WAVES UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT. NOTHING BUT THE GENTLE LAPPING OF THE WATER. THE TITAN HAS SUNK. HOLD THIS FOR A MOMENT, BEFORE FADING TO SILENCE)

21. THE ICEBERG. DAWN.

(FX: FADE UP ON A LIGHT BREEZE FLAPPING GENTLY ON A MAKESHIFT CANVAS AWNING. BENEATH IT, THE DOCTOR LIES PROSTRATE, HIS HEAD BANDAGED)

DOCTOR:

(SEMI-CONSCIOUSLY) Jamie... Hold on, Jamie... Hold on...

(FX: JOHN ROWLAND'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ACROSS THE ICE TOWARDS THE DOCTOR. A FLAP OF SAILCLOTH AS JOHN LIFTS THE CANVAS. HE KNEELS DOWN BESIDE THE DOCTOR)

JOHN:

(SOFTLY) How are you feeling, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(COMING TO) Lieutenant... Rowland?

JOHN:

John, please. (HE SHAKES A METAL WATER BOTTLE & WE HEAR THE WATER SWILL AROUND INSIDE. HE UNSCREWS THE CAP) Here, drink some water.

DOCTOR:

(DOING SO) Thank you, John. (STRUGGLES TO SIT UP & WINCES IN PAIN) Ahhh!

JOHN:

Easy now, Doctor. There's no hurry. The sun's only just coming up.

DOCTOR:

What is this place? A tent?

JOHN:

Hardly. A sail and couple of oars. I cobbled it together from what I could find. Flotsam. That's where I found the water bottle. I've a few scraps of food, too, saved from the sea. No dry clothes, I'm afraid, so we'll just have to put up with what we've got.

DOCTOR:

You're a resourceful man. (BEAT) What happened, John? Where are we?

JOHN:

We're on the iceberg. The Titan struck it head on, and the railing you and I were holding onto gave way. We were thrown off the bow and onto the ice. You hit your head and... well, I don't mind telling you, I thought you were a goner you were bleeding so much.

DOCTOR:

I'm quite resilient.

JOHN:

I can see that. Anyway, while I was trying to bandage your forehead, the ship listed onto her starboard side and slid down the ice shelf into the sea. She began to sink. Fast. Within few minutes the indestructible Titan was on her way to Davy Jones's locker, carrying two and half thousand souls with her.

DOCTOR:

Jamie. What about Jamie – and Myra?

JOHN:

(HESITANTLY) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

Did they make it to a lifeboat? Tell me!

JOHN:

The lifeboats were all smashed to pieces. The Titan only carried a few anyway. A score or so – the minimum required by law. (BITTERLY) After all, what's the point of them if your ship is unsinkable? I did see one boat sail away after the ship sank, though.

DOCTOR:

And?

JOHN:

Couldn't have been more than a dozen folks on board. I tried hailing her, but she was heading away from us, out into the Northern Lane Route.

DOCTOR:

A dozen? Then Jamie and Myra could have been on board.

JOHN:

I don't think so.

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised. Like you, Jamie's a very resourceful fellow. In the past, he and I have been in a lot of scrapes together and we've always come through all right. And that Myra of yours – she seems like a fighter not a quitter. A lot of spirit, that lady has. You mark my words, those two are on that lifeboat.

JOHN:

They're dead, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What?

JOHN:

I saw them. When the Titan was lying on its side in the water, I saw them running along the outside of the hull towards the stern. They must have been looking for a seaworthy lifeboat, but they never made it. The ship sank while they were still onboard. I'm sorry, Doctor. Believe me, I'm so sorry. (HE BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN) I... I loved Myra. Loved her with all my heart. I'd happily have given my life for hers.

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY, ALMOST OBLIVIOUS) It was supposed to be a treat. A surprise for Jamie. We'd not seen each other for... oh, so many years. I wanted it to be like the good old days. But now he's gone. Gone on a journey to the undiscovered country. Without me. Goodbye, Jamie.

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Farewell, my friend.

(FX: ECHOING ACROSS THE ICE COMES A LOW MOURNFUL HOWL)

JOHN:

Doctor, what was that?

DOCTOR:

A traveller from the frozen North. He must have the scent of my blood in his nostrils.

JOHN:

A traveller?

DOCTOR:

Ursus maritimus. The world's largest land carnivore. A polar bear.

(FX: ANOTHER HOWL, FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION)

JOHN:

Two of them.

DOCTOR:

We can't stay here. We're sitting targets. (GETTING UP)
Let's take what we can carry and head for higher ground.
How are you at mountaineering?

22. THE ICE CLIFF. MORNING.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO A LITTLE WHILE LATER. THE DOCTOR & JOHN ROWLAND ARE CLIMBING UP THE JAGGED FACE OF AN ICE CLIFF. THEY ARE PERHAPS A HUNDRED FEET UP. THE WIND TUGS HUNGRILY AT THEIR CLOTHES)

JOHN:

(STRAINING) We'll never make it to the top, Doctor. The ice is nearly vertical as it is.

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING & FEELING WITH HIS FINGERS) There's a ledge just above us, a fissure in the ice. We can rest there.

(FX: A COUPLE OF DISTANT HOWLS & THE SOUND OF RIPPING CANVAS FROM BELOW)

JOHN:

(PANTING) Sounds like the bears have found the tent.

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING) Then it's a good job we're up here, isn't it? (WITH AN EFFORT HE PULLS HIMSELF UP ONTO THE LEDGE) Made it! (SURVEYING THE LEDGE) Not the widest ledge in the world, but at least it's level and out of the wind. (REACHING DOWN) Here: give me your hand.

JOHN:

(PANTING) I'll be all r- (THE ICE GIVES WAY) Ahhh!

DOCTOR:

(GRABBING JOHN'S HAND & SUPPORTING HIS WHOLE WEIGHT. EFFORT) I've got you. Try to find a foothold. (JOHN DOES SO) That's it. Now climb up. Hold onto my arm and pull yourself up. (JOHN MAKES IT ONTO THE LEDGE) There!

(FX: THE WIND IS LESS PRONOUNCED HERE)

JOHN:

(PANTING) Thank you. If you... hadn't grabbed me... I'd be... bear food by now.

DOCTOR:

(PANTING) Too many people have died in the last twenty-four hours, John. And the worst of it is: I don't know why. Tess and Teddy. You and Myra. The Titan and the Titanic. There's some connection that I'm missing – something I can't fix in my mind.

JOHN:

I gave up trying to make sense of the world years ago. Fate, kismet, destiny – call it what you like, the bottom line is that life is hard, cruel and unrewarding.

DOCTOR:

You don't really believe that.

JOHN:

Don't I? Look out there, Doctor. Ice, icebergs and icy ocean as far as the eye can see. Tell me where in that white abomination there is goodness, generosity, love.

DOCTOR:

It is indeed an awful place. But a beautiful one, too. And where there's beauty, there's consolation. And where there's consolation, there's hope.

JOHN:

Hope? The best we can hope for is a swift death.

DOCTOR:

And yet you persist in evading it. Just now you could have let go of my hand, consigned yourself to oblivion. And yet you didn't. Why?

JOHN:

I didn't have time to think about it.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. You acted instinctively and your instinct told you to that existence was better than non-existence. That's what life is: the instinct to survive, in spite of the odds stacked against you. This is one of the most inhospitable places on Earth and yet it hasn't conquered us yet, has it? We're still here.

(FX: A DISTANT HOWL FROM THE BEARS)

JOHN:

So are those bears. (STANDING UP) Come on, Doctor. No time to sit and chat. We've got to work out a way off this iceberg and back to civilization.

DOCTOR:

Good man. (STANDING UP) From the looks of it this ledge opens out further along. Maybe the climbing will be easier along there. Lead on.

(FX: THEIR FEET CRUNCH ALONG THE ICE LEDGE)

23. THE ICE CHIMNEY. MORNING.

(FX: A CAVERNOUS CRACK IN THE ICE, LIKE A DEEP GORGE CUT THROUGH THE ICEBERG. THERE'S A SLIGHT ECHO & THE SOUND OF AIR WHISTLING UP THE CHIMNEY. JOHN PAUSES AT THE ENTRANCE TO IT, THE DOCTOR LIKEWISE)

JOHN:

Doctor? What do you make of this?

DOCTOR:

I believe, Lieutenant Rowland, that this is what's known as an ice chimney.

JOHN:

And what does one do with an ice chimney? Light 'an ice fire' ['A NICE FIRE'] at the bottom of it?

DOCTOR:

A nice fire. Very good. I'm a great fan of consonantal rebracketing.

JOHN:

You don't say.

DOCTOR:

One goes up it, John. Like a nadder through grass or an ewt through water. Come on.

24. THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. MORNING.

(FX: A LIGHT BREEZE. THE DOCTOR'S HAND PUNCHES THROUGH THE CRUST OF ICE & SNOW. WITH EFFORT, HE & JOHN EMERGE ONTO THE TOP OF THE ICEBERG & COLLAPSE FACE UP)

DOCTOR:

(PANTING) I don't know how Father Christmas manages it. No more chimneys for me! Now, where are we? (HE SITS UP) Ah, the proverbial tip of the iceberg. Looks like the sea mist's beginning to roll in again. Thankfully it's pretty low lying. Perfect for staying up here and lying low.

JOHN:

(CHUCKLING, EXHAUSTED) You never give up do you, Doctor? Cheerful to the end.

DOCTOR:

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.

JOHN:

Ella Wheeler Wilcox. From the poem 'Solitude'.

DOCTOR:

A well-read sailor. I'm impressed.

JOHN:

(GETTING UP ON ONE ELBOW) I wasn't always as you see me now, Doctor. I had a good education, joined the Navy at twenty-one, worked my way up through the ranks, came close to commanding my own ship. (BEAT) Then I met Myra and everything changed. She was the most dazzling woman I'd ever laid eyes on: sharp as a pin and pretty as a picture. And such a dancer! Polka, waltz, you name it.

DOCTOR:

What went wrong?

JOHN:

I loved her too much. I wanted to give her things: tickets to the theatre, supper parties in town, fine jewellery, expensive dresses. She never asked for them; often told me not to buy them, in fact. But how could I stop? It's selfish, I know, but I took a genuine pleasure in the act of giving. It all cost money, though. More money than my Navy pay packet could provide. I became reckless. Took to gambling and... other things. In the end I lost my reputation, my job and Myra.

DOCTOR:

And that's when you joined the crew of the Titan as a lowly Lieutenant?

JOHN:

Yes, Doctor. I'd destroyed so much in my life, I wanted to be around something that couldn't be broken: the Indestructible Titan. Now I've destroyed even that.

DOCTOR:

The iceberg did that, John, and the hubris that comes from mankind believing himself superior to nature.

JOHN:

That's the problem with titans: they make titanic mistakes.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Titanic mistakes. Titanic...

JOHN:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(A PATTERN BEGINS TO EMERGE) Broken relationships. Separated friends. Cracks in the ice. Even the division of words. It all points to the same thing.

JOHN:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

A time fissure. A point where time divides into two distinct paths. It happens all the time: shall I put cream on my scone first or jam? If cream, history follows a slightly different path from if I'd gone with jam. But such moments are tiny, infinitesimal. They barely scrape the surface of the space-time continuum.

JOHN:

I'm not sure I quite -

DOCTOR:

But a disaster of this magnitude, a moment where thousands of people die in a single incident, changes the course of history in a profound and far-reaching way. These people have families, loved ones, servants, employees, pets even: all those lives are changed by this one event.

JOHN:

You mean it does more than scrape the surface?

DOCTOR:

Precisely! It carves a groove in it, like a scratch on a gramophone record.

JOHN:

A what?

DOCTOR:

Sorry, I forgot: a phonograph cylinder. And when the needle approaches this scratch, it's thrown off its normal path onto another. It jumps tracks.

JOHN:

Jumps tracks?

DOCTOR:

That's what Jamie and I did. We landed the TARDIS on just such a scratch - the sinking of the Titanic - and were thrown off into a parallel version of history where it's a ship called the Titan that hits the iceberg. 1912, 1898 - the difference isn't that huge on a cosmic scale.

JOHN:

Perhaps I should take a look at your bandage, Doctor. The wound on your forehead may be deeper than we thought.

DOCTOR:

I'm fine. Never better, in fact. (EXCITEDLY) John: I think I know how to get us off this iceberg.

JOHN:

You do?

DOCTOR:

We must return to the nexus point. The place where the Titanic became the Titan. Hopefully the time fissure will still be unstable and we can cross back into 1912 in time to get rescued by the RMS Carpathia when she arrives on the scene.

JOHN:

Even if what you say made any sort of sense – which it doesn't – how could we hope to find this nexus point? It must be miles away, out in the open ocean.

DOCTOR:

You forget, Lieutenant, that we're on a moving object. This iceberg is slowly being dragged along by the North Atlantic current. The Titan was sailing against that same current on her way out from New York.

JOHN:

Which means we're heading back along her path?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. (STANDING UP) Now we'll need to be closer to sea level if we're to have a hope of hitting the nexus.

JOHN:

(STANDS) Don't tell me: we've got to climb back down.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so, but don't worry: we don't have to go down the same way we came up. This side of the iceberg looks to be much more gently contoured. Why, even your old granny could stroll down this with ease. Woooahhh! (HE SLIPS ON THE ICE & FALLS ON HIS BACKSIDE) Ow.

JOHN:

What was that you were saying about hubris?

25. THE FLAT OF THE ICEBERG. MORNING.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & JOHN ARE TRUDGING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE FLAT SHELF OF THE ICEBERG. THE FOG HAS DESCENDED)

JOHN:

Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

JOHN:

I've been thinking.

DOCTOR:

I'm glad to hear it. There's not much point in being a homo sapiens if you fail to exercise the sapiens bit. What were you thinking about?

JOHN:

Two things, really. Firstly, how will we know when we're close to this nexus of yours? I can't see a thing through this fog.

DOCTOR:

You don't see a temporal nexus; you feel it. Provided you're time sensitive, that is.

JOHN:

Which you are?

DOCTOR:

Naturally. And the second of your two pensées?

JOHN:

Why, if there are only two of us, does it sound like we've got more than one pair of feet each.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) What are you talking about?

JOHN:

(STOPPING ALSO. HUSHED) Listen.

(FX: FAINTLY WE HEAR ANOTHER SET OF FOOTFALLS. AS IF THEIR OWNER IS AWARE OF BEING HEARD, THE FOOTFALLS STOP)

(SOTTO) Did you hear it?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Yes. It's probably an effect of the fog.

(FX: A FAMILIAR HOWL CARRIES THROUGH THE FOG)

Then again, it could be fifteen-hundred pounds of hungry polar bear.

(FX: AN ANSWERING HOWL COMES FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION)

JOHN:

(SOTTO) One either side. They're forming some sort of pincer movement.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Take off your coat.

JOHN:

(SOTTO) What? And freeze to death?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Do it! Polar bears hunt by smell. If we leave your coat and my blood-soaked bandage here, maybe we can confuse them long enough to get away.

JOHN:

(TAKING OFF HIS COAT; SOTTO) Surely we can outrun them? Bears are slow, aren't they?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I thought you said you had a good education? Hunting polar bears can reach speeds of up to twenty-five miles an hour. The top speed for humans currently stands at about twenty. And that wasn't on ice.

JOHN:

(SOTTO) Point taken. (DUMPING HIS COAT) There. I never did care much for uniforms. Now: run?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) No: walk fast, but quietly. Polar bears also have excellent hearing. Come on.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & JOHN MOVE RAPIDLY OFF ACROSS THE ICE. BEHIND THEM, WE HEAR THE POLAR BEARS HOWLING & LUMBERING TOWARDS THE PILE OF JETTISONED CLOTHES. THE PACK ICE THE DOCTOR & JOHN ARE PROGRESSING ACROSS BEGINS TO CREAK BENEATH THEIR FEET)

JOHN:

(SOTTO) How far are we from the edge of the iceberg?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Not far. The ice is getting thinner from the sounds of it. Too thin, I hope, for polar bears.

(FX: WITH A DISTANT ROAR, THE BEARS POUNCE ON THE CLOTHES & START RENDING THEM TO SHREDS)

JOHN:

(SOTTO) It worked!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) For now. But they'll soon tire of that high fibre diet. And when they do, they'll come looking for protein.

JOHN:

(SOTTO) Yes, but by then you and I should have found the nexu- (HIS FOOT GOES THROUGH THE ICE INTO THE FREEZING WATER BELOW. INVOLUNTARILY HE YELLS OUT) Ahhh! Doctor! My leg's gone through the ice!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Shhh! Give me your hand. (JOHN EXTRACTS HIS LEG & STANDS UP) That's it. Are you hurt?

JOHN:

(PANTING; SOTTO) No. It was more the shock of the cold water than anything. I'm sorry: I didn't mean to cry out.

(FX: HUNTING HOWLS AS THE BEARS REACT TO JOHN'S CRY)

DOCTOR:

They've heard us. Run!

(FX: THE DOCTOR & JOHN RUN OFF ACROSS THE PACK ICE. WE STAY WHERE WE WERE. AFTER A MOMENT, THE POLAR BEARS FOLLOW, SLAVERING AS THEY BOUND PAST US)

26. THE PACK ICE. MORNING.

(FX: WE ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE ICEBERG. WE CAN HEAR THE SEA GENTLY LAPPING. FROM OUT OF THE MIST, COME THE SOUNDS OF THE DOCTOR & JOHN RUNNING. THE BEARS ARE CLOSE BEHIND)

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) There's pack ice ahead. We'll have to jump.

JOHN:

(APPROACHING) Don't be mad. It'll sink.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING & JUMPING) No it woosoon't. (HE LANDS ON THE FLOATING ICE FLOE. IT BOBS UP & DOWN IN THE WATER) There. It's perfectly safe. Come on.

JOHN:

(PANTING ON THE SHORE) All right, stand back.

(FX: BUT IT'S TOO LATE. WITH A SNARL, THE BEARS ARE UPON HIM. JOHN CRIES OUT)

DOCTOR:

John! Hang on!

JOHN:

(BEING MAULED) Stay back, Doctor! Save your- (ANOTHER MAULING) Ahhhh!

(FX: FROM OUT OF NOWHERE COMES A HUGE FOG HORN BLAST. THE BEARS PANIC & BOUND OFF ACROSS THE ICE. THE DOCTOR LEAPS BACK ONTO THE ICEBERG & DASHES TO JOHN'S BROKEN BODY)

DOCTOR:

(KNEELING DOWN) John. Are you all right?

JOHN:

(BURBLING BLOOD) Can't feel my arm.

DOCTOR:

(DESPERATELY ATTEMPTING TO STAUNCH THE BLOOD) You'll be all right, I promise. (HE TEARS OPEN JOHN'S SHIRT) We just need to stop you bleeding.

JOHN:

(GROWING WEAKER) It's all right, Doctor. It doesn't hurt. Clever of you to sound that fog horn.

DOCTOR:

(STILL BANDAGING JOHN) That wasn't me.

JOHN:

What was it then?

(FX: THE OCEAN BEGINS TO BUBBLE & SEETHE AROUND THEM AS A VAST ARMOUR-PLATED SUBMARINE EMERGES FROM THE WATER)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE) That!

(FX: THE SUBMARINE HAS FULLY SURFACED NOW & SOUNDS A BLAST OF ITS FOG HORN AGAIN)

I don't believe it!

JOHN:

(ASTONISHED) A submarine?

DOCTOR:

(FLABBERGASTED) Not just any submarine, Lieutenant Rowland. It's the one from 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea: the Nautilus!

(FX: A HATCH OPENS IN THE CONNING TOWER & A FIGURE EMERGES ON DECK)

JAMIE:

Do either of you two fellows need a lift?

DOCTOR:

Jamie!

CLOSING THEME MUSIC.

PART THREE:

OPENING THEME MUSIC.

(THE RECAP COMES FROM MIDWAY THROUGH PART TWO:)

18. THE ENTRANCE TO BELOW DECKS, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: THE SEAWATER FROTHS NEARBY & WE HEAR DISTANT EXPLOSIONS & DISTANT CRIES OF THE DYING & DROWNING. THE FROTHING SEA WATER IS GETTING CLOSER)

JAMIE:

Quick: into the hold before it fills with water. I'll lower you in.

MYRA:

No you won't. You first.

JAMIE:

I'm not going to argue. (HE LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE DOOR, WHICH IS AT 90 DEGREES & THEREFORE IS BENEATH THEIR FEET) The wall's only about five feet down. (A WINCE AS HE LANDS INSIDE ON HIS ANKLE; HIS VOICE IS A LITTLE ECHOY) There! Made it. Now you. And shut the door after you! The water's coming in!

MYRA:

Stand back! I'm coming through! (SHE CLAMBERS IN, SLAMMING THE DOOR AFTER HER)

(FX: THE SEAWATER FROTHS OVER THE DOOR)

CUT TO:

20. THE FROTHING OCEAN. NIGHT.

(FX: A MIGHTY EXPLOSION DESTROYS THE CENTRE OF THE SHIP, SPLATTERING THE NEARBY SEA WITH DEBRIS. WITH A TERRIBLE GRINDING OF TORTURED METAL THE 800FT-LONG SHIP SINKS BENEATH THE FROTHING WAVES...

27. THE WRECK OF THE TIAN. NIGHT.

(FX: ... ONLY THIS TIME WE GO WITH IT. WE GO BENEATH THE BOILING WAVES, HEARING THE GIANT SHIP GROANING UNDERWATER & THE MUFFLED CRIES OF DROWNING PASSENGERS. STILL IT SINKS INTO THE ICE DEPTHS, CREAKING. A MUFFLED EXPLOSION TAKES OUT THE LAST OF THE ENGINE ROOM. EVENTUALLY THE SHIP HITS THE SEABED & COMES TO A REST. A PAUSE. THEN, CLOSE TO US WE HEAR THE SLOW PING-PING OF A SUBMARINE APPROACHING & THE DISTINCTIVE HUM OF ITS PROPULSION UNIT. IT'S THE NAUTILUS, HEADING FOR THE WRECK)

28. THE ORGAN ROOM. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: WOOD PANELLING, DEEP-PILE CARPET, A MAGNIFICENT ORGAN WITH BRASS PIPES EXTENDING ACROSS THE WALLS. LIKE EVERYTHING ON THE NAUTILUS, IT IS EXQUISITELY BUILT. CAPTAIN NEMO IS PLAYING SOME SOMBRE ORGAN MUSIC — A REQUIEM FOR THE TITAN — WHICH SHOULD FLOW ON FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE. A SOFT CHIME SOUNDS. THE ORGAN STOPS. NEMO PRESSES A MECHANICAL BUTTON. HE HAS A SLIGHT TRACE OF AN EXOTIC ACCENT — INDIAN? MIDDLE EASTERN?)

NEMO:

I gave express orders that I wasn't to be disturbed.

(FX: ARONNAX IS FRENCH, INTELLECTUAL & ENGAGING. A NUTTY PROFESSOR WITH PINCE-NEZ & OODLES OF ENTHUSIASM)

ARONNAX:

(DISTORTED, AS ON A GRAMOPHONE) My apologies, Captain. But we are nearing the target.

NEMO:

Then proceed as instructed.

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) Forgive me, sir. But the target is no longer on the surface — it is lying on the seabed.

NEMO:

(A FLICKER OF IRRITATION) Then I suggest you take us alongside and prepare the underwater lances. And don't bother me again until you have news of our quarry.

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) But of course. It shall be as you comm-

(FX: NEMO CUTS HIM OFF WITH A FLICK OF THE SWITCH. HE SIGHS & STRIKES A LOUD, DEEP, UGLY CHORD ON THE ORGAN)

29. THE HOLD, THE TITAN. NIGHT.

(FX: THE CHORD ECHOES INTO THE HOLD. THE ATMOSPHERE IS CLAUSTROPHOBIC & METALLIC. MYRA APPROACHES, SLOSHING THROUGH THE FOOT-DEEP WATER. SHE STOPS)

MYRA:

How's the ankle?

JAMIE:

Does it matter?

MYRA:

It isn't your fault, Jamie. It was a good idea.

JAMIE:

We should have just jumped overboard.

MYRA:

And frozen to death in the sea? Or worse: been dragged under when the ship sank? All things considered, I think I prefer this: at least it's companionable. And look what I found. Well, okay, it's pitch black – so, listen to what I found. (SHE POPS OPEN THE SPRING-LOADED STOPPER ON A BOTTLE. A HISS AS COMPRESSED AIR ESCAPES) Champagne! (SHE SNIFFS) Oh. Not champagne: sparkling water. Ah, well. You can't have everything. Here.

JAMIE:

(TAKING IT FROM HER) Thanks. (HE DRINKS) It's thirsty business, this dying.

MYRA:

Thank heavens for that.

JAMIE:

What?

MYRA:

You've got your sense of humour back. I thought I was going to suffocate to death with a stony-faced stoic.

JAMIE:

Sorry, Myra. I'm not usually like this. I was just, you know, thinking.

MYRA:

About that Doctor friend of yours?

JAMIE:

Aye. He'd know what to do in a situation like this.

MYRA:

I doubt that. I don't think even the Boys' Brigade can prepare you for how to cope with being incarcerated in a dead ship a mile beneath the surface of the North Atlantic. I guess we just sit around and wait for Davy Jones to come a-knocking.

(FX: THERE'S A MUFFLED CLANG AS SOMETHING HITS THE OUTSIDE OF THE BULKHEAD, FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE CLANGS)

(HUSHED; FRIGHTENED) Jamie, you don't think...?

JAMIE:

No, I don't. Best not to until you have all the facts. Have you got that light of yours?

MYRA:

Hang on. (THE CLICK OF HER ZIPPO) There.

(FX: SOMETHING CLAMPS MAGNETICALLY ONTO THE OUTSIDE OF THE WALL, FOLLOWED BY A DULL HUM WHICH PERSISTS UNDER:)

JAMIE:

It's coming from behind those crates. Come on! (HE STANDS & THEY WADE OVER TO THE CRATES) Hold the light steady while I shift these. (HE BEGINS MOVING THE TEA CHESTS)

MYRA:

(EXCITEDLY) Maybe some more people survived.

(FX: JAMIE'S CLEARANCE REVEALS AN EXPANSE OF BULKHEAD)

JAMIE:

(PANTING) Nothing. Just a metal wall. (HE BANGS ON IT WITH HIS FISTS) Hello? Is anyone there?

(FX: THREE SHORT RAPS RESPOND: DOT DOT DOT)

MYRA:

There is someone there!

(FX: A LOUDER RAP FOLLOWS: DASH. THEN A SHORT-LOUD RAP: DOT-DASH. THEN A LOUD-SHORT RAP: DASH-DOT. OVER THIS:)

JAMIE:

(SHOUTING) We can hear you. Are you all right? (DASH-DOT-DOT) I said we can hear you. You can stop banging. (DASH-DOT-DOT-DOT)

MYRA:

(SUDDENLY REALIZING) It's Morse Code! Dash-Dot-Dot-Dot: that's a 'B'. (DOT-DASH) Dot-Dash: 'A'. Oh Jamie, they're sending a message in Morse Code!

JAMIE:

Morse what?

MYRA:

(DASH-DOT-DASH-DOT) 'C'. John taught it to me. We used to send each other messages under the table in restaurants. (DASH-DOT-DASH) 'K'. B-A-C-K. Back. Back to what?

(FX: SUDDENLY A SHOWER OF SPARKS SPRAYS INTO THE ROOM FROM THE WIDENING CUT IN THE BULKHEAD WALL)

JAMIE:

(STAGGERING BACKWARDS) I think they mean: keep back!

MYRA:

(LIKEWISE RETREATING) What is it?

JAMIE:

Our ticket out of here.

(FX: THE SPARKS SHOWER & FIZZ)

30. THE ORGAN ROOM. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: NEMO IS PLAYING SOME SUITABLY HARMONIC PIECE OF ORGAN MUSIC, WHICH SEGUES NEATLY FROM THE SPARKS & HUM OF THERMAL LANCES. THE SOFT CHIME SOUNDS. NEMO STOPS PLAYING & PRESSES THE BUTTON TO ANSWER)

NEMO:

I take it you've located them, Professor?

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) A Scot with a twisted ankle and an American female. I'm bringing them over now in the Sea Dragon.

NEMO:

And our main quarry?

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) He may still be on the iceberg.

NEMO:

Let us hope — for all our sakes — that we find him before they do.

31. THE SEA DRAGON. THE ATLANTIC.

(FX: CROSS TO THE INTERIOR OF A SMALL LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED FOUR-MAN SUBMARINE. A SUBMARINER IS PILOTING THE VESSEL & ARONNAX IS ON THE INTERCOM)

ARONNAX:

Indeed so, captain. Sea Dragon out. (HE TERMINATES THE CONNECTION; TO THE SUBMARINER) Back to the Nautilus, as quickly as possible.

SUBMARINER 1:

Aye aye, Professor.

(FX: A HUM AS THE MINI-SUB'S ENGINES THROB)

ARONNAX:

Time to check on our guests. (HE OPENS A WOODEN DOOR ONTO THE REAR SECTION OF THE SUBMARINE) And how are we feeling after our little ordeal?

JAMIE:

Relieved to be alive.

MYRA:

We can't thank you enough for rescuing us.

ARONNAX:

(WITH CHARM) Please, it was nothing. I should have been neglecting my duty as a Frenchman were I to have allowed such a ravishing lady as yourself to perish beneath the waves. But where are my manners? Permit me to introduce myself: I am Pierre Aronnax, formerly Assistant Professor of the Natural History Museum of Paris.

MYRA:

Myra Selfridge, social wastrel.

ARONNAX:

Enchanté, Mademoiselle. (TO JAMIE) And you are Monsieur...?

JAMIE:

McCrimmon. Jamie McCrimmon, highlander.

ARONNAX:

Pleased to make your acquaintance, Monsieur McCrimmon. You are from Scotland, no? How fascinating! I understand you have a large sauropod in one of your waterways.

JAMIE:

A what?

MYRA:

He means a monster in one of your lochs.

JAMIE:

Och, that's just superstition. Every pond big enough for ducks is said to be haunted by a kelpie or two. (ASIDE)
The real thing, mind, that's another matter.

ARONNAX:

Such a pity. Aquatic megafauna are something of a passion with me. But, no matter. How is the ankle? The compress bandage is not too tight?

JAMIE:

It's fine, thanks. Mind you, I'll be happier when I can breathe fresh air again. As far as I can see, we've swapped one metal box for another.

ARONNAX:

Don't worry, the Sea Dragon here is only a temporary home. We should reach the Nautilus in a few minutes.

MYRA:

(AMUSED) The Nautilus? As in Jules Verne?

ARONNAX:

(IGNORING THIS) In fact, if you'd care to look through the starboard observation port, she should be coming into view any moment now.

MYRA:

I'll look forward to it. It's not every day you come face to face with a legend.

JAMIE:

Sorry, what exactly is this Naughty Louse?

ARONNAX:

(POINTING THROUGH THE PORTHOLE) That is the Nautilus.

MYRA:

(AMAZED) Oh my sainted aunt!

JAMIE:

What is it? A sea beastie?

ARONNAX:

No, Monsieur McCrimmon. The Nautilus is greatest feat of engineering in the history of the world. Seventy metres in length and eight metres across, it is a double-hulled sodium-mercury powered submersible capable of attaining speeds in excess of fifty knots. It can stay underwater for five days without surfacing and support a crew of a hundred men in comfort. It was designed and built by a man for whom the term 'genius' is too mild. A man you shall both be meeting very shortly.

32. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A SMART, SOPHISTICATED JULES VERNE INTERIOR OF BRASS, LEATHER, PANELLED WOOD & GLASS. ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTS HUM & BRASS DIALS REVOLVE WITH WELL-OILED PRECISION. NEMO IS CONCLUDING AN INTERCOM CONVERSATION)

NEMO:

Nothing yet, I regret to say. But all is not lost. Aronnax tells me the target may still be on the iceberg. As soon as the Sea Dragon docks, we shall make our way there. Nautilus out. (HE FLICKS OFF THE SWITCH. TO HIMSELF:) A thank you would have been nice.

33. THE WET DOCK. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AN INTERNAL WET DOCK, VERY MUCH LIKE A SWIMMING POOL. A KLAXON SOUNDS & WE HEAR THE BIG UNDERWATER DOORS OPEN. THE WATER BEGINS TO BUBBLE & BOIL AS THE SEA DRAGON SURFACES. THE METAL HATCHWAY IN ITS ROOF UNSCREWS & OPENS WITH A SLIGHT HISS OF RELEASED AIR)

ARONNAX:

(EMERGING) Welcome, my friends, welcome to the Nautilus.

MYRA:

(EMERGING) It's... it's like something from a dream.

JAMIE:

(EMERGING) You mean we're now inside that big fishy?

ARONNAX:

Like Jonah in the belly of the whale. If you'll forgive me. (HE WALKS ALONG A METAL GANTRY TO A PANEL & FLICKS A SWITCH) Captain, this is Aronnax. The Sea Dragon is in the wet dock and our two guests are now safely on board.

NEMO:

(DISTORT) Then close the outer doors and let's be on our way. We've delayed long enough!

ARONNAX:

(FLICKING A SWITCH) Closing sea doors now.

(FX: THE KLAXON SOUNDS & THE UNDERWATER DOORS CLOSE)

MYRA:

(TO JAMIE) That was our host, I take it.

JAMIE:

(TO MYRA) Or our gaoler.

(FX: THE UNDERWATER DOORS CLOSE WITH A DULL CLANG)

34. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

NEMO:

Engage the engines.

SUBMARINER 2:

Aye aye, Captain.

(FX: CONTROLS ARE ENGAGED & WE HEAR THE UNIQUE HUM OF THE NAUTILUS'S BATTERY ENGINES THROB INTO LIFE)

NEMO:

Initiate hydroplaning.

(FX: ANOTHER CONTROL ENGAGED; THE PITCH ALTERS; THE POWER SURGES)

35. THE WET DOCK. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE HUM IS LOUDER HERE. THE NAUTILUS BEGINS TO VIBRATE & ANYTHING NOT TIED DOWN RATTLES SLIGHTLY)

MYRA:

What's happening?

ARONNAX:

It's nothing to be alarmed about. We're hydroplaning.

MYRA:

Hydro-what?

ARONNAX:

The Nautilus has a unique propulsion system which siphons seawater through a series of near-frictionless pipes and accelerates it inside the ship before expelling it in a compressed form through our aft jets.

JAMIE:

You mean we're going faster?

ARONNAX:

Precisely. We must rescue your friends from that iceberg as quickly as possible, no? This Doctor of yours sounds a most fascinating man. Scientist, adventurer, artist, gourmet. Truly a Renaissance man. Come! (HE STRIDES OFF)

JAMIE:

(TO HIMSELF, TROUBLED) I only told you his name.

36. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

SUBMARINER 2:

Approaching the surface, Captain.

NEMO:

Cut hydroplanes and raise periscope.

(FX: THE HYDROPLANE THROB DIES AWAY)

SUBMARINER 2:

Raising periscope now.

(FX: WITH A SMOOTH HUM, THE PERISCOPE RISES)

NEMO:

(QUIETLY) And now for a first glimpse of the great Doctor.

37. THE ATLANTIC/THE ICEBERG. MORNING.

(FX: WE ARE UNDERWATER WITH THE PERISCOPE & RISE ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE SEA AS IT DOES. THE RECAP BELOW BEGINS MUFFLED, AS IF HEARD UNDERWATER, & THEN BECOMES CLEARER ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE WATER, BUT FROM A DISTANCE)

RECAP: 26. THE PACK ICE. MORNING.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) *There's pack ice ahead. We'll have to jump.*

JOHN:

(APPROACHING) *Don't be mad. It'll sink.*

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING & JUMPING) *No it woosoon't. (HE LANDS ON THE FLOATING ICE FLOE. IT BOBS UP & DOWN IN THE WATER) There. It's perfectly safe. Come on.*

JOHN:

(PANTING ON THE SHORE) *All right, stand back.*

(FX: BUT IT'S TOO LATE. WITH A SNARL, THE BEARS ARE UPON HIM. JOHN CRIES OUT)

DOCTOR:

John! Hang on!

38. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

NEMO:

Sound the fog horn! Now!

SUBMARINER 2:

Aye aye, Captain.

(FX: DULL BLAST OF THE FOG HORN CARRIES US INTO:)

39. THE UPPER DECK. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A LONG, WOODEN-FLOORED CORRIDOR. FOOTSTEPS. HORN)

MYRA:

(STOPPING) What's that?

ARONNAX:

I do believe we've found him – them! Monsieur Rowland and the Doctor.

MYRA:

(WITH HOPE) John?

JAMIE:

Then what are we waiting for? How d'you get out of this iron mackerel?

ARONNAX:

The ladder over there. It leads to the dorsal hatch.

JAMIE:

Right!

(FX: JAMIE DASHES OVER TO THE LADDER & BEGINS TO CLIMB THE METAL RUNGS. WE GO WITH HIM)

ARONNAX:

(OFF) But wait, we're still surfacing!

(FX: THE FOG HORN SOUNDS AGAIN. JAMIE REACHES THE TOP OF THE LADDER & BEGINS TURNING THE WHEEL TO OPEN THE HATCH)

JAMIE:

(WITH EFFORT) We've waited too long already. For all we know they might be dying of cold or be injured or...

(FX: THE HATCH OPENS & RESIDUAL WATER STREAMS IN. JAMIE CLIMBS OUT ONTO THE DECK & WE GO WITH HIM:)

40. THE CONNING TOWER. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE SAME EXTERNAL ATMOSPHERE AS AT THE END OF PART TWO. WE ARE WITH JAMIE THIS TIME)

JAMIE:

(TO HIMSELF) Well, I'll be... (CALLS) Do either of you two fellows need a lift?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Jamie!

JAMIE:

Doctor!

(FX: JAMIE RUNS ALONG THE ARMOURED HULL & LEAPS ONTO THE ICE FLOE. HE & THE DOCTOR HUG)

DOCTOR:

Jamie! I thought you were dead.

JAMIE:

Likewise. (TO JOHN) John, how are you?

JOHN:

I've had better days.

MYRA:

(FROM THE CONNING TOWER) John! John Rowland!

JOHN:

Myra?

DOCTOR:

This is rapidly turning into an episode of *The Waltons*. Jamie, help me get John on board that submersible of yours before our friendly polar bears decide to put in another appearance.

JAMIE:

Of course. Here.

(FX: HE & THE DOCTOR LIFT JOHN, WHO CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

41. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. NEMO IS ON THE INTERCOM AGAIN)

NEMO:

We have him! Proceeding to rendezvous point. Nautilus out. (HE TERMINATES THE COMMUNICATION) Take us under.

SUBMARINER 2:

Aye aye, Captain.

(FX: HE FLICKS SOME SWITCHES & THE ENGINES THRUM)

NEMO:

(TO HIMSELF) Well, Doctor, will you thank me or curse me for saving your life?

42. MEDICAL BAY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AN IMMACULATELY EQUIPPED MEDICAL LABORATORY. THE DOCTOR IS COMPLETING THE BANDAGES ON A PROSTRATE JOHN)

DOCTOR:

(TYING OFF A FINAL STRIP OF BANDAGE) There, that should do it! A pretty passable surgeon's knot, though I daresay a sailor like you could tie a better one in his sleep.

JOHN:

(WEAK BUT MUCH BETTER) You forget what a hash I made when I bandaged your head.

DOCTOR:

(WASHING HIS HANDS) Ah, but that was in the field – or rather, on the iceberg – and not in a state-of-the-art surgery like this.

JOHN:

(TROUBLED) Doctor. This ship – the Nautilus – it can't be real can it? I mean, Jules Verne made it up, didn't he?

DOCTOR:

(DRYING HIS HANDS) So I'd been led to believe.

JOHN:

Is it something to do with the nexus, that temporal scratch of yours?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. But I intend to find out. Now, ready for visitors?

JOHN:

I'd rather be keelhauled.

DOCTOR:

That's the spirit! Here goes... (HE OPENS THE DOOR) You can come in now.

MYRA:

(STORMING IN) About time, too! Half an hour I've been out there worrying!

JOHN:

That's half an hour of peace and quiet I've had.

* (FX: THE DOCTOR & JAMIE SPEAK HERE, OVER THE FOLLOWING)

[**MYRA:**

John Rowland: if you weren't in such a sorry state already, I'd happily sock you on the jaw.]

[**JOHN:**

I love you too, Myra.]

[**MYRA:**

Don't try to charm me, mister. I'm still mad at you. What in Hades' name did you want to go falling off the front of that ship for?]

[**JOHN:**

I'd always fancied trying my hand at ice-skating.]

[**MYRA:**

(MIRTHLESSLY) Ha ha. Leaving Miss Lucky here to go down with the ship.]

[**JOHN:**

I knew you'd be fine. Davy Jones could never have put up with your racket.]

JAMIE:

(FROM *) How is he Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Surprisingly well. Thankfully most of the scratches were superficial, but he's got a nasty bite to his shoulder. His blood's a little darker than I'd like, too, but I expect his haemoglobin levels are low. With a good diet and plenty of care and attention, he should be right as rain in a day or so. Still, that's scotched one of my theories: he's not an android. Now Jamie, a word in your shell-like.

(FX: THEY SLIP THROUGH THE DOOR & CLOSE IT BEHIND THEM)

43. CORRIDOR, MIDDLE LEVEL. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A PLUSH CORRIDOR IN THE MID-SECTION OF THE SHIP)

DOCTOR:

This ship, the Nautilus, how did you get on board?

JAMIE:

They rescued us. Cut through the side of the ship and brought us back here in a wee metal tub. Like a diddy version of this ship.

DOCTOR:

It makes no sense.

JAMIE:

You're telling me. A boat that travels underwater. It's mad!

DOCTOR:

No, I meant none of this makes any sense. First we land on the Titanic, then something happens and we find ourselves on the Titan and now we're onboard the Nautilus – the most famous submarine in all of fiction.

JAMIE:

Fiction? So that's what Myra meant about coming face to face with a legend! Sorry, I've not read many books.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, you're excused: it's well after your time. The Nautilus appears in two novels by a French writer called Jules Verne: 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea', published in 1870, and 'The Mysterious Island', published four years later.

JAMIE:

Well, if this is 1898, then those stories have been around for twenty years.

DOCTOR:

So?

JAMIE:

So maybe someone read the books and built himself his very own Nautilus.

DOCTOR:

Possibly, but who?

44. THE ORGAN ROOM. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: NEMO IS PLAYING A SUITABLY OMINOUS PIECE OF ORGAN MUSIC. THE DOOR OPENS & A BREATHLESS ARONNAX ENTERS)

NEMO:

(STOPPING HIS PLAYING) Where have you been, Professor? I sent for you exactly seventeen minutes ago.

ARONNAX:

(PANTING SLIGHTLY) I was checking the cargo, Captain.

NEMO:

Any particular reason why?

ARONNAX:

Just making sure everything was secure. I always worry that the vibration from the hydroplanes will upset one of the containers.

NEMO:

And has it?

ARONNAX:

No, everything is as it should be.

NEMO:

Good. Now fetch the Doctor to me. I think it's time that he and I had a little tête-à-tête, as you Frenchmen say.

ARONNAX:

Are you going to tell him?

NEMO:

It's not my place to. I'm only obeying orders after all. No, I shall see if he really is worth all this trouble. Bring him. (ARONNAX TURNS TO LEAVE) And Professor?

ARONNAX:

(STOPPING; HESITANTLY) Er... yes, Captain.

NEMO:

Change your shirt, there's a good fellow. You appear to have dipped your cuff in some of our 'precious cargo'. And we wouldn't want the good Doctor to get suspicious, now would we?

ARONNAX:

No. No, we wouldn't.

NEMO:

I shall be on the bridge. You are dismissed.

45. MEDICAL BAY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. MYRA IS SITTING BESIDE JOHN'S BED)

MYRA:

So you never found this nexus thingamajig?

JOHN:

We were about to when the bears got our scent and attacked.

MYRA:

That's it! I knew something didn't add up. Ever since we got rescued there's been something gnawing away at the back of my mind.

JOHN:

A residual guilt for all the heartache you've caused me?

MYRA:

I'm serious, John. Those bears found you by your scent, but how did that Frenchie professor know where to find me and Jamie? Come to think of it, what were they even doing in this part of the ocean?

JOHN:

Just be thankful they were, Myra, or you and I would be dead, like all the other passengers and crew.

MYRA:

Maybe we should be. Maybe we were meant to die on the Titan. Did you think of that? No, John, I'll tell you what they were doing here: they were looking for something. Or rather, someone: the Doctor.

JOHN:

But why?

MYRA:

I don't know. But they've gone to an awful lot of trouble to find him.

46. THE CORRIDOR, MIDDLE LEVEL. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS GOING DOWN A CORRIDOR. HE OPENS A DOOR & WE HEAR A STEAMY GREENHOUSE ENVIRONMENT BEYOND)

DOCTOR:

Hydroponics.

JAMIE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Soilless gardening. It would appear that the Nautilus grows her own fruit and veg. I wonder what in? Liquid seaweed, perhaps. Very rich in iodine. Anyway...

(FX: HE CLOSES THE DOOR, MOVES ON DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

JAMIE:

What exactly are we looking for, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. A clue. Anything that will help us work out what on Earth's going on here. (TRIES ANOTHER DOOR) Aha! That's more like it: this must be Aronnax's laboratory! Come on.

47. THE LABORATORY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: EXPERTLY KITTED OUT, IF RATHER CLUTTERED. LIQUID BUBBLES IN ALEMBIC FLASKS, ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT HUMS & WHIRRS, BUNSEN BURNERS FLICKER)

DOCTOR:

Tut, tut. I hope the professor's mind is less cluttered than his lab.

JAMIE:

I wouldn't bet on it. He had his spectacles on upside down all the while we were in that submersiwhatsit – the Sea Dragon.

DOCTOR:

Let's see what he's working on, shall we? (HE APPROACHES SOME BUBBLING APPARATUS) Hmm. This looks like an osmotic filtration system. But filtering what?

JAMIE:

Liquid seaweed?

DOCTOR:

Possibly. But why filter it? You'd get rid of all the minerals. No, this is refining something, concentrating it. See how the liquid gets darker and thicker the further it goes through the filtration process.

JAMIE:

Hey! There's some wee flasks of it in this rack here.
(JAMIE TAKES A TEST TUBE OUT) Huh! It's black as pitch.

DOCTOR:

Let me see. (TAKES THE TEST TUBE) So this is the finished article, is it? I wonder... (HE UNCORKS IT & SNIFFS. SUDDENLY SERIOUS:) Jamie.

JAMIE:

What is it? Poison?

DOCTOR:

Black water! It's the same stuff those pump-jacks were extracting in the Highlands. I'd recognize that acrid tang anywhere.

JAMIE:

But what's it doing here?

(FX: FROM THE CORRIDOR WE HEAR ARONNAX APPROACHING)

ARONNAX:

Doctor? Monsieur McCrimmon? Are you there?

JAMIE:

(HUSHED, URGENT) It's the Professor.

DOCTOR:

(HUSHED) Quick, look busy. Pick up a book or something!
(RECORKING THE TEST TUBE) I'll borrow this little test tube and examine it later.

ARONNAX:

(OPENING THE DOOR) Ah, there you are Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(CHARMING) Professor Aronnax! How delightful to see you again. Do forgive this intrusion, but I'm a sucker for a laboratory, especially one as handsomely accoutred as this. Jamie and I were just admiring your enviable collection of scientific literature, weren't we Jamie?

JAMIE:

Oh absolutely.

ARONNAX:

It's a modest assemblage, but one of which I'm not a little unproud.

DOCTOR:

And rightly so. Why, you've got volumes here that other marine biologists would give their sharks' teeth for: 'Denizens of the Triassic Trenches'... 'The Illustrated Ichthyosauria'... 'Cryptozoic Cephalopoda'. And what's the one you're reading, Jamie?

JAMIE:

Uh? Oh... (TURNING THE BOOK OVER) Um... 'The Wreck of the-'

ARONNAX:

(INTERRUPTING) Forgive me, Doctor. But the Captain would be most grateful if you would accept his invitation to join him on the bridge.

DOCTOR:

I should be honoured.

ARONNAX:

Excellent. The bridge is on the top deck at the front. The bow, as you say.

DOCTOR:

You're not coming with me?

ARONNAX:

The Captain requested to see you alone. Perhaps, in your absence, Monsieur McCrimmon would care for a guided tour?

JAMIE:

Doctor. This book, I think you should-

DOCTOR:

A capital idea! Perhaps you should invite Myra along, Jamie - she must have lulled Mr Rowland into a stupor by now. Well, I must be off. A bientôt, Professor. (EXITS)

JAMIE:

Doctor! Wait-!

ARONNAX:

(TO JAMIE) You were saying something about a book?

JAMIE:

Not me, no. The Doctor's your man for books. So tell me, what's a cephalopoda when it's at home?

48. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE HUM OF TRANSIT)

SUBMARINER 2:

Approaching the feeding grounds now, Captain.

NEMO:

Extinguish the external lights and take us down to half power. We don't want to attract any unwanted attention.

49. MEDICAL BAY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE ENGINE POWER DROPS IN PITCH)

JOHN:

We're slowing down.

MYRA:

The lights are dimming, too.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS & JAMIE & ARONNAX COME IN)

ARONNAX:

Ah, Monsieur Rowland. How is the shoulder?

JOHN:

Much better, Professor. The Doctor's patched me up well.

ARONNAX:

Is there no end to the man's talents? He is, as you say, a knave of all trades. Now, Monsieur Rowland: I wonder whether you would mind forsaking Mademoiselle Selfridge's charming company for short while. I would like to show her and Monsieur McCrimmon here the rear observation bubble. The view is quite breathtaking. Unforgettable.

MYRA:

John?

JOHN:

It's all right, Myra. I could do with a rest anyway. You can wear Jamie's ears out for a bit.

JAMIE:

And just when I was beginning to like you.

ARONNAX:

Perfect! (USHERING HER OUT) This way, Mademoiselle. Now tell me, have you ever gone deep-sea fishing?

MYRA:

(OFF) Is this something you ask all the girls?

JAMIE:

(TO JOHN) John, catch! (HE THROWS A BOOK TO JOHN)

JOHN:

(CATCHING IT) What is it?

JAMIE:

(HUSHED, URGENT) Bedtime reading. If you see the Doctor: show it to him!

ARONNAX:

(POPPING HIS HEAD ROUND THE DOOR) Monsieur McCrimmon?

JAMIE:

Coming. Sweet dreams, John.

(FX: THEY LEAVE; JOHN PICKS UP THE BOOK & OPENS IT)

JOHN:

'The Wreck of the Titan'. What?

50. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE HUM OF TRANSIT)

NEMO:

Anything?

SUBMARINER 2:

Nothing showing up, Captain.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Expecting something, are you?

NEMO:

Indeed we are: you. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Captain Nemo.

DOCTOR:

And I'm Jane Eyre.

51. THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A GLASS OBSERVATION BUBBLE LOOKING OUT INTO THE INKY DEPTHS. ARONNAX OPENS THE STEEL DOOR INTO IT)

ARONNAX:

The observation bubble.

MYRA:

(SPEECHLESS) Oh my! It's... it's...

JAMIE:

It's like another world.

ARONNAX:

It is another world, Monsieur. A world whose beauty few can comprehend. I have devoted my life to studying it and still I feel I have barely dipped my toe in its shallows. Seventy per cent of the Earth's surface is covered in water and yet we know next to nothing about the creatures that live in it. Two hundred thousand marine species have been catalogued and yet that is only the tip, if you'll forgive me, of the iceberg. There are ten times that number out there, waiting to be discovered. This is where life began and, for some of us, where it will end.

MYRA:

How did you wind up on the Nautilus, Professor?

ARONNAX:

I was on a scientific expedition in the North Pacific, tracking the narwhal – the sea unicorn as we called it – when our ship, the Abraham Lincoln, met with a 'whale of an unknown species'. The Nautilus. It attacked our ship and abducted several of the crew, myself among them.

JAMIE:

Abducted? You mean you're a prisoner here?

ARONNAX:

Not a prisoner, no. A guest of Captain Nemo. Like you.

52. MEDICAL BAY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: JOHN READS FROM THE NOVEL)

JOHN:

'The Wreck of the Titan or Futility' by Morgan Robertson. First published, 1898. This edition, 1912' (TO HIMSELF)
1912? But that's... in the future.

53. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

You're a fake – like this submarine of yours.

NEMO:

I can assure you the Nautilus is real.

DOCTOR:

In the physical sense, yes. Bolts and rivets, brass and polished wood. Superficially, very impressive.

NEMO:

Thank you. It took me years to perfect.

DOCTOR:

It took Jules Verne years to perfect. You just stole his idea – lock, stock and barrel organ. I take it there is an organ on board?

NEMO:

You are a puzzling man, Doctor. You see the physical universe and yet you deem it an illusion. How very like the philosophers of my home.

DOCTOR:

And where would that be? The Pleiades Cluster? That's got plenty of rich kids willing to fork out for this kind of extreme roleplay. Or how about Zannik Four – home of the Holographic Holiday?

NEMO:

India, Doctor. I come from India. I'm the son of the Raja of Bundelkund.

DOCTOR:

All right, have it your own way: you're the real Captain Nemo. For all I know, you've been brainwashed into believing it anyway, so further argument would be fruitless. What I would like to know, however... (HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET) ...is what precisely is in this little test tube here.

NEMO:

Ink.

54. MEDICAL BAY. THE NAUTILUS.

JOHN:

'...the steamship Titan was considered practically unsinkable.' (TO HIMSELF) This can't be true... (FLIPS PAGES & STOPS TO READ) 'A slight-built man of about thirty, black-bearded and bronzed to the semblance of healthy vigor...' (TO HIMSELF) Oh no. No, no. (HE TURNS A PAGE & READS) '"John Rowland is here — Lieutenant Rowland. I've just seen him"' (MORE PAGES FLIPPED) 'He is — or was once — a rejected admirer of Mrs Selfridge.' (HE SLAMS THE BOOK. TO HIMSELF) You were right, Myra. It wasn't chance that brought the Nautilus here — it was a book! (HE THROWS BACK THE BEDCLOTHES & LEAPS OUT OF BED)

55. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

DOCTOR:

Ink?

NEMO:

Sepia, to be precise. Milked from the largest of the Architeuthidae family.

DOCTOR:

Architeuthidae? The giant squid?

NEMO:

Quite so. These are their feeding grounds.

(FX: A SMALL ALARM GOES OFF)

SUBMARINER 2:

Captain. Something's showing up on the bathograph. Seven hundred metres to port.

NEMO:

Keep dead ahead. It won't bother us.

DOCTOR:

You seem remarkably confident.

NEMO:

The creatures are used to the Nautilus. True, they can be aggressive hunters, but since the largest of them is less than half the size of this vessel, I do not fear we are in any danger. It will ignore us or swim away.

(FX: THE ALARM CHANGES PITCH — THE OBJECT IS GETTING CLOSER)

DOCTOR:

Are you so sure?

SUBMARINER 2:

It's closing on us, Captain. Six hundred metres... Five hundred...

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING THE BATHOGRAPH) What's the scale of this bathograph of yours?

NEMO:

(MILDLY IRRITATED) One to one hundred. Why?

DOCTOR:

Then you may have a problem. This particular giant squid is more than twice the size of the Nautilus.

NEMO:

What? There must be some mistake!

SUBMARINER 2:

It's coming in fast, sir. Three hundred. Two hundred.

NEMO:

Prepare to initiate hydroplaning.

DOCTOR:

You can't outrun it. That thing's used to chasing whales. Kill the engines and extinguish all lights. Do it!

NEMO:

Are you mad? We'll be a sitting target.

DOCTOR:

Giant squid hunt by sight. We need to become invisible!

56. THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE ENGINES FADE & THE LIGHTS DIM)

MYRA:

Hey. We haven't broken down, have we?

ARONNAX:

(PERPLEXED) Impossible. The Nautilus has an auxiliary power supply, should the sodium-mercury batteries fail.

JAMIE:

Then why's everything gone dark?

MYRA:

(RUMMAGING) Hang on. (THE FLICK-FLICK-FLICK OF HER ZIPPO LIGHTER. IT CATCHES & FLICKERS) There. Let there be-

(FX: A SUCKER SLAMS INTO THE GLASS OF THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THEY ALL SCREAM)

57. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A SUCKER THUDS INTO THE OUTSIDE OF THE HULL, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE SUCKERS LATCHING ONTO THE NAUTILUS)

DOCTOR:

It's latching its suckers onto us. We need to surface before it drags us down.

NEMO:

Full power now!

SUBMARINER 2:

Aye, aye, Captain.

(FX: THE SHIP COMES TO LIFE & STRUGGLES TO RISE, ITS ENGINES STRAINING. EVERYTHING RATTLES & THE OUTER HULL BEGINS TO SQUEAL UNDER PRESSURE)

DOCTOR:

(READING THE CONTROLS) Five hundred fathoms... Four hundred... Three-fifty... We're slowing down.

NEMO:

Feed in the auxiliary power.

(FX: THE ENGINES HUM; THE HULL BEGINS TO BUCKLE.)

SUBMARINER 2:

The hull's beginning to buckle, Captain.

(FX: THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN & JOHN RUSHES IN)

JOHN:

Doctor, what on Earth's happening?

DOCTOR:

Not now, John. Nemo: we have to have more power!

NEMO:

Initiate hydroplaning!

SUBMARINER 2:

But, Captain-

NEMO:

Do as I command!

(FX: THE NAUTILUS STRAINS & RISES)

DOCTOR:

It's working! (READING) Two hundred fathoms... One hundred... Fifty... You did it, Nemo. We're pulling clear! We're surfacing!

(FX: ONE OF THE PORTHOLES SHATTERS, WATER SPRAYS IN & A TENTACLE WHIPS THROUGH)

JOHN:

What is that?

DOCTOR:

One of the squid's tentacles! Get back, all of you!

SUBMARINER 2:

(BEING GRABBED BY THE TENTACLE) Captain! Help, I-

DOCTOR:

(GRABBING HIS HAND) Hold on, man. I've got you. (TO JOHN) John: get something to cut through this tentacle!

NEMO:

There's a safety axe in the corridor! I'll- (THE TENTACLE THWACKS INTO NEMO, KNOCKING HIM INTO SOME MACHINERY) Uhh!

DOCTOR:

Nemo! Nemo!! John: get that axe! I can't hold this- (THE SUBMARINER IS DRAGGED OUT THE PORTHOLE SCREAMING.) No!

(FX: ANOTHER PORTHOLE SHATTERS & A TENTACLE WHIPS IN)

JOHN:

Behind you, Doctor! Another tentacle!

DOCTOR:

What? (GRABBED) Aaaagghh!

CLOSING THEME MUSIC.

PART FOUR:

OPENING THEME MUSIC. NO REPRISE.

58. THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE NAUTILUS SURFACES SPECTACULARLY & CRASHES DOWN ONTO THE WAVES. MYRA & JAMIE ARE THROWN TO THE FLOOR)

MYRA:

We made it! We've surfaced!

JAMIE:

Try telling that thing!

(FX: THE RUBBERY SQUID TENTACLE IS SQUEAKING ON THE GLASS DOME. TINY CRACKS ARE APPEARING)

MYRA:

What is it? A giant sea serpent?

JAMIE:

No idea. But whatever it is, it's not going to be stopped by a bit of glass. Any moment now that thing's going to crack like an egg – with us inside. I think it's time we cut short our sightseeing tour, don't you Professor?
(BEAT) Professor?

MYRA:

He's gone!

JAMIE:

(TRYING THE STEEL DOOR) And he's locked us in!

(FX: AN OMINOUS CRACK OF GLASS. THEY BANG ON THE DOOR)

MYRA / JAMIE:

Professor Aronnax! Professor! / Professor, open this door! Professor!

59. THE WET DOCK. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: JAMIE & MYRA'S HAMMERING SEGUES INTO THE PROFESSOR'S FEET POUNDING ON THE METAL GANGWAY IN THE WET DOCK. HE COMES TO REST, PANTING)

SUBMARINER 1:

(ON THE SEA DRAGON. OFF) What's happening, Professor Aronnax. Is the ship under attack?

ARONNAX:

It most certainly is, by the biggest Architeuthis I have ever seen. Incredible! Did you load all those barrels into the Sea Dragon?

SUBMARINER 1:

(OFF) All but this one, yes.

ARONNAX:

Then it's time I was going. Opening sea doors.

(FX: HE THROWS A SWITCH & THE KLAXON SOUNDS. THE OUTER HULL DOORS BEGIN TO OPEN & THE WATER BUBBLES & BOILS)

SUBMARINER 1:

(OFF) We're taking the Sea Dragon out in this?

ARONNAX:

(APPROACHING ALONG THE GANGWAY) No, I'm taking the Sea Dragon out in this! You have another appointment.

SUBMARINER 1:

Another appointment?

ARONNAX:

With the fishes. (ARONNAX FIRES A PISTOL & KILLS THE SUBMARINER WHO FALLS INTO THE WATER. MILDLY IRRITATED CLICK OF THE TONGUE) Zut! I should have shot him after he'd loaded the final barrel. Ah well, nobody's perfect. (HE ATTEMPTS TO LIFT THE BARREL, BUT SLIPS & DROPS THE BARREL. IT SPILLS ITS CONTENTS OVER THE SEA DRAGON) Idiot sailor! You didn't put the lid on properly! Gallons of ink, wasted! You deserved to get shot. (HE KICKS THE BARREL OVERBOARD) Ah well, I still have enough. (HE UNSCREWS THE SEA DRAGON HATCH & CLAMBERS IN) Farewell Captain Nemo and farewell Nautilus. May you both sink into oblivion together!

(FX: HE SLAMS THE HATCH SHUT)

60. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: JOHN IS WIELDING THE AXE & CHOPPING AT THE TENTACLE WRAPPED AROUND THE DOCTOR. WATER NO LONGER SPRAYS INTO THE BRIDGE THROUGH THE BROKEN PORTHOLES, BUT WIND & WAVES CAN BE HEARD)

JOHN:

Hold on, Doctor! (ANOTHER BLOW WITH THE AXE) Ughhh!

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING AGAINST THE TENTACLE) Use the axe on the underside of the tentacle. The suckers are more – Aaaagh! (A SQUEEZE) More tender!

(FX: FROM THE OPPOSITE PORTHOLE COMES A HORRIBLE CROAKING SQUEAL, HALFWAY BETWEEN A DOLPHIN & A PARROT, FOLLOWED BY THE CHITINOUS CLACK OF A VAST BEAK)

JOHN:

Doctor: the other porthole! What in Heaven's name is it?

DOCTOR:

The creature's beak.

JOHN:

Beak?

DOCTOR:

Yes, beak! I see you know even less about cephalopods than you do about polar bears. Now hurry, John! (STRAINING) It's... pulling me... towards...

JOHN:

(REDOUBLING HIS EFFORTS. BLOW) Cut... (BLOW) blast you... (BLOW) cut!

(FX: THE BEAK CONTINUES TO CLACK, CROW & HISS)

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN) Hurry, John!

JOHN:

(STILL HACKING AWAY) We're on the surface now, Doctor... (BLOW) So won't this thing... (BLOW) die out of water?

DOCTOR:

Not quick enough for ussssss! (HE LOSES HIS GRIP & IS PULLED ALONG THE FLOOR SCRABBLING AT HANDHOLDS) John!

JOHN:

(DROPPING THE AXE & GRABBING THE DOCTOR'S HAND) I've got you, Doctor. (STRAINING) I won't... let go.

(FX: THE BEAK CLACKS & CROWS DELIGHTEDLY)

61. THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A BIGGER CRACK APPEARS IN THE GLASS BUBBLE)

JAMIE:

Get back, Myra. It's going to shatter.

(FX: THE GLASS SHATTERS. WE HEAR THE WIND & THE SEA. THE TENTACLE WHIPS AROUND)

MYRA:

(SCREAMS) Jamie!

JAMIE:

(PUNCHING THE TENTACLE) Get. Back. You. Monster.

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE COMES THE POUNDING OF SEVERAL SETS OF FEET ON THE HULL)

SUBMARINER 3:

(OFF) Harpoons at the ready, men! And... throw!

(FX: THE SEPARATE THUDS OF THREE HARPOONS PIERCING THE SUCKER. QUICKLY, THE SUCKER WITHDRAWS)

MYRA:

What happened?

JAMIE:

(PANTING) I think there are sailors outside the ship... attacking it with harpoons.

MYRA:

Then we're saved!

(FX: A DISTANT WHIP OF THE TENTACLE AS IT GRABS A SUBMARINER, WHO SCREAMS AS HE'S DRAGGED OFF THE HULL, PAST JAMIE & MYRA, & PLUNGED INTO THE WATER)

JAMIE:

Not just yet we're not.

62. THE SEA DRAGON. THE WET DOCK.

(FX: ARONNAX IS FLICKING SWITCHES & PREPARING FOR LAUNCH)

ARONNAX:

Power cells activated. (A SWITCH; A HUM) Disengaging docking clamp. (A SWITCH; THE CLAMP UNHOOKS FROM THE HULL) Now to await the perfect departure window...

63. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & JOHN ARE STRUGGLING WITH THE SQUID IN THE BACKGROUND. WE ARE WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS NEMO)

NEMO:

(MUMBLING AS HE COMES ROUND) Axe... in the... corridor... (HE GRUNTS, IN A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PAIN. HE OPENS HIS EYES & TAKES IN THE SITUATION. TO HIMSELF) Saraswati protect us! (CALLS) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(AT A LITTLE DISTANCE; IN PAIN) Nemo! Nemo!! Divert all power to the Nautilus's external plates.

NEMO:

The external plates?

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT) We need to electrify the hull! It's our only chance!

JOHN / DOCTOR:

(PULLED ANOTHER FIVE FEET TOWARDS THE MAW) Ahhh! / Ahhh!

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT) Do it! Before John and I become squid food!

NEMO:

Of course! (STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET & THROWING SWITCHES) Rerouting engine power... (THE ENGINES STOP WHINING) Charging capacitors... Fifty per cent... sixty...

(FX: THE BEAK HISSES & CLACKS. THE DOCTOR & JOHN ARE DRAGGED EVEN CLOSER)

JOHN:

(DISTANT) Now, man! This thing's almost upon us!

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT) No! Wait for full power.

NEMO:

(FRENZIEDLY OPERATING SWITCHES) Eighty-five... Ninety...

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT; KICKING AT THE BEAK) Get that filthy beak away from me!

NEMO:

One hundred per cent.

DOCTOR / JOHN:

(DISTANT) Now!

(FX: NEMO THROWS THE SWITCH & THE HULL SPARKS & CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY. THE SQUID SQUEALS LIKE A STUCK PIG & THE TENTACLES WRITHE. SUDDENLY, THE SQUID IS GONE. THE CONTROL FUSE EXPLODES, SHOWERING SPARKS & PUTTING AN END TO THE HULL ELECTRIFICATION. BACK WITH THE DOCTOR NOW)

NEMO:

(AT A LITTLE DISTANCE. PANTING) That's it. The power cells are exhausted.

DOCTOR:

(PICKING HIMSELF UP OFF THE WET FLOOR) They're not the only ones. Well done, Nemo. And thank you, John: you saved my life.

JOHN:

(PICKING HIMSELF UP) Well, I owed you for the polar bears. So, is it dead? The squid?

DOCTOR:

I very much doubt it. It'd take more than a few thousand volts to kill something that big.

JOHN:

Then it'll come back?

DOCTOR:

Very possibly. Nemo: how long 'til the engines have enough power to take us out of here?

NEMO:

(DISTANT. OPERATING SWITCHES & DIALS) Five minutes at the very least. I'm redirecting power away from all non-essential systems and channelling it into... (A QUIET GASP OF PAIN) ... into the propulsion units.

(FX: THE COMMUNICATION PANEL SPRINGS TO LIFE)

JAMIE:

(DISTORT) Can anyone hear me? I repeat: can anyone hear me? (TO MYRA) I don't think this thing's working.

DOCTOR:

That's Jamie!

MYRA:

(DISTORT) Keep trying.

JOHN:

And Myra!

DOCTOR:

(DASHING OVER & DEPRESSING THE SPEAK BUTTON) Jamie, it's the Doctor. Are you all right?

JAMIE:

(DISTORT) Doctor! Am I glad to hear you!

DOCTOR:

Where are you?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

64. THE OBSERVATION BUBBLE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: A LIGHT WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE CRACKED GLASS DOME & THE SEA SPLASHES AGAINST THE DECK OF THE NAUTILUS)

JAMIE:

In the observation bubble – or what’s left of it. That great sea snake was about to grab us when everything started sparking.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Did you see where it went – the squid?

JAMIE:

It didn’t go anywhere, Doctor. It’s still here. Just floating in the sea next to the ship.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) What? Well get out of there!

MYRA:

We can’t! That rat Aronnax locked us in.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Aronnax? But why?

JAMIE:

Who knows? I always thought there was something fishy about him. He knew far too much about you, for a start.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) About me? But I barely spoke to the man.

MYRA:

Jamie. That thing: one of its tentacles just twitched!

JAMIE:

Doctor. You’ve got to open this door. That sea monster’s coming back to life.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) John’s already on his way. Keep this line open.

65. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE WIND & THE SEA CAN BE HEARD THROUGH THE PORTHOLES)

DOCTOR:

I don't understand. Why would Professor Aronnax do such a thing?

NEMO:

He must be working for them.

DOCTOR:

Them? What do you mean 'them'?

NEMO:

The other side. I'm sorry, Doctor. I should have told you before, but I wasn't sure I could trust you.

DOCTOR:

Told me what?

NEMO:

We didn't find you by chance: we were sent to pick you up. Given your precise coordinates.

DOCTOR:

Sent? By whom?

NEMO:

That's not important. The point is that we're not the only ones looking for you. (A SMALL ALARM GOES OFF) What? Someone's launched the Sea Dragon.

DOCTOR:

Aronnax!

66. THE SEA DRAGON. THE ATLANTIC.

(FX: WHIRR OF ENGINES. THE INTERCOM BUZZES INTO LIFE)

NEMO:

(DISTORT) Aronnax! Is that you?

ARONNAX:

Ah, Captain Nemo. What a disappointment! I was rather hoping that magnificent architeuthis had crushed you in its beak and shredded you with its radula.

DOCTOR:

(DISTORT) Professor. Come back to the Nautilus now! It's not safe.

ARONNAX:

The Doctor, too! Such a pity you couldn't have come with me. I'm sure my friends would have enjoyed meeting you. Ah well, they shall just have to make do with the ink.

NEMO:

(DISTORT) The ink? You've taken the ink?

ARONNAX:

Every last drop. Well, apart from one barrel which sadly went on anointing the outside of the Sea Dragon.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

67. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES)

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) No matter, it will be sufficient.

NEMO:

Whatever they've offered you, Professor, it can't be enough to betray your own people.

ARONNAX:

(DISTORT) Oh, but it can, Captain. You see, they've offered me the one thing you never did: my freedom. Now I'd like to say au revoir, but I doubt we shall be seeing each other again. So this is goodbye.

DOCTOR:

Professor. Wait!

(FX: THE CONNECTION TERMINATES)

NEMO:

It's no good. He's gone.

(FX: THE CONNECTION REACTIVATES)

JAMIE:

(DISTORT) Doctor, it's Jamie. John's opening the door now, but I thought you ought to know: that squid thing's moving away from the Nautilus. I think it's hunting something else.

DOCTOR:

(IN HORROR) The Sea Dragon. It's homing in on the ink Aronnax spilt down the side. (HE TRIES THE COMMUNICATOR AGAIN) Aronnax! Aronnax!!

(FX: A STATIC HISS)

NEMO:

It's no good, Doctor. He's cut our transmissions. There's nothing we can do for him now.

68. THE SEA DRAGON. THE ATLANTIC.

(FX: WHIRR OF ENGINES)

ARONNAX:

Finally, a new life begins. Uncharted waters to survey. Fresh oceans to explore. New species to [discover]-

(FX: A SUDDEN TWHACK! AS A SUCKER LATCHES ONTO THE GLASS)

(A STARTLED GASP) What?! Get off, you stupid creature! Take the Nautilus instead! I'm your friend! I'm on your side! They're the ones with harpoons!

(FX: HE INCREASES SPEED, BUT MORE SUCKERS THWACK INTO THE SIDE OF THE MINISUB, PULLING IT BACKWARDS. ITS MOTORS WHINE & GIVE OUT. THE HULL BEGINS TO CREAK AS THE TENTACLES TIGHTEN THEIR GRIP. THE BEAK SCRATCHES ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GLASS WINDSCREEN)

(IN AWE) You really are magnificent, aren't you? I name you Architeuthis Aronnax.

(FX: THE GLASS SMASHES, THE BEAK CLACKS & SQUAWKS, WATER SPRAYS IN, ARONNAX SCREAMS AS HE'S CRUNCHED UP. SEGUE INTO:)

69. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE SCREAMS BECOME STATIC. THE DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF THE HISSING SPEAKER)

DOCTOR:

He's gone.

NEMO:

And the ink with him! (HE THUMPS SOME EQUIPMENT IN FRUSTRATION) A month that took us to collect! Now we'll have to start again.

DOCTOR:

Why is it so important, this ink? Drilling for it in Scotland, farming it in the North Atlantic.

NEMO:

The ink is all that stands between victory and defeat, Doctor. That and you.

DOCTOR:

Me?

JAMIE:

(BURSTING IN) Well, this place is a mess!

DOCTOR:

Jamie! How have I managed without your piercing observational skills? Where are John and Myra?

JAMIE:

The medical room. Myra insisted on redoing John's bandages. Where's the sea beastie?

DOCTOR:

It just ate Professor Aronnax.

JAMIE:

(SARCASTIC) It's the way he would have wanted to go.

(FX: THE POWER COMES BACK, INSTRUMENTS HUM BACK TO LIFE)

NEMO:

Power restored. (HE FLICKS SOME SWITCHES) Installing replacement portholes. (A HUM AS NEW PORTHOLES SLIDE IN TO REPLACE THE DAMAGED ONES, SHUTTING OFF THE SOUND OF THE WIND & THE SEA) Engaging floor pumps. (A HUM AS THE WATER STARTS DRAINING FROM THE FLOOR)

JAMIE:

Hey, the water's draining away through the floor! This ship is amazing. Makes your TARDIS look a bit shabby.

DOCTOR:

Shabby?! I'll have you know that the TARDIS is not only watertight but completely impregnable to attack from a giant squid!

JAMIE:

And when did you last put that to the test?

DOCTOR:

Well, I came pretty close to it on one of the moons of Delta Magna.

NEMO:

(HE FINISHED TURNING DIALS) Course laid in. (HE PULLS A LEVER & THE ENGINES HUM INTO LIFE. HE WINCES) Engaging... engines. Commencing dive.

DOCTOR:

Dive? Where are we headed?

JAMIE:

Who cares? So long as it's away from that sea monster.

DOCTOR:

Nemo? Where are you taking us?

NEMO:

(WEAKLY) To your... destiny, Doctor. The Moskstraumen. (HE COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING TO HIS SIDE) Nemo! Jamie, help me with his jacket. (HE STARTS TO RIP OPEN NEMO'S JACKET)

JAMIE:

(RUSHING OVER TO HELP) What's that? Blood?

DOCTOR:

No. Oil from this machine, I should think – or squid ink. That tentacle hit him pretty hard. Maybe he cracked a rib or something. Come on, let's get him to the medical bay.

JAMIE:

(LIFTING NEMO) What did he mean about your destiny, Doctor? And what was that word he used? Mosks...

DOCTOR:

(SUPPORTING NEMO) The Moskstraumen, Jamie. It's an enormous whirlpool rumoured to exist off the coast of Norway. As far as I know, no one's ever seen it. Or at least, seen it and lived to tell the tale. It's more usually referred to as the Maelstrom.

70. THE NAUTILUS. THE ATLANTIC.

(FX: THE NAUTILUS SLOWLY APPROACHES & PASSES US UNDERWATER, THE PING-PING & HUM OF THE ENGINES ALTERING ACCORDING TO THE DOPPLER EFFECT. OVER THIS WE HEAR A MONTAGE OF OVERLAPPING VOICES, FLOWING LIKE WAVES)

JAMIE:

(AS IF TO THE DOCTOR) It wasn't just your name the Professor knew. He was pretty much up on your entire career. Now how could he know that sort of information? Someone must have told him. The question is: who?

NEMO:

(HUSHED, INTO A COMMUNICATOR) It was Aronnax. He betrayed us to the other side. We lost twelve men in the attack and all the ink we'd managed to harvest this trip. The Nautilus is damaged, but not irreparably. We are en route to the rendezvous point. With any luck the Doctor should be with you in a matter of hours. Nemo out.

MYRA:

First polar bears, now giant squids. What's next?

JOHN:

Bad things don't always come in threes, you know. I mean there's only one of you, isn't there?

MYRA:

Maybe you were my first bit of bad luck, John Rowland.

DOCTOR:

(READING FROM 'THE WRECK OF THE TITAN') '...Rowland knew that the holocaust was complete; that the invincible Titan, with nearly all of her people, unable to climb vertical floors and ceilings, was beneath the surface of the sea.'

(FX: A DOOR OPENS & SUDDENLY WE FIND OURSELVES IN...)

71. THE LABORATORY. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: JAMIE COMES IN. THE LAB ATMOSPHERE IS AS BEFORE)

JAMIE:

Nemo's back in his own cabin now. He's still not come round, but Myra's done what she can. Besides she and John need the medical bay to patch up the rest of the crew.

DOCTOR:

They make a fine couple, those two. Heroic. More three-dimensional than this book would have you believe. (HE CLOSES THE BOOK & SIGHS) 'The Wreck Of The Titan' by Morgan Robertson. Published 1898. Reprinted 1912. What does that tell us, Jamie.

JAMIE:

It took fourteen years to sell out?

DOCTOR:

First rule of publishing: if at first you don't succeed, wait until life imitates art and then reprint with a big 'I told you so' banner emblazoned on your cover. The only reason this was reprinted in 1912, Jamie, was because the Titanic went down in 1912. You must admit, the parallels are astonishing: the same month, the same location, the same type of ship, the same lack of lifeboats, the same watertight compartments, the same looming iceberg. The ships even have near identical names: the Titanic and the Titan. One real, one fictional.

JAMIE:

(SCANNING THE BOOKSHELVES) Seems the professor had quite a collection of sea adventures: 'Mavis of the Medusa', 'Georgina of the George', 'Millie of the Marie Celeste'.

DOCTOR:

(ABSENTLY) Mary Celeste. Hang on. What did you say?

JAMIE:

'Millie of the Marie Celeste'. It's one of the books on this shelf.

DOCTOR:

Get it down for me, would you?

JAMIE:

(REACHING UP, EXTRACTING IT & HANDING IT OVER) Here.

DOCTOR:

(TAKING IT) I don't believe it. It's the same book!

JAMIE:

What do you mean the same book?

DOCTOR:

'Millie of the Marie Celeste' by J.P. Tumley. The library on board the Titanic had a copy. (FLIPPING THROUGH IT) Only this one isn't blank. (READING) 'Chapter One: The White Barbary Terror. Millie Cadwallader awoke to the sound of an arctic tern circling beyond the cerulean circle of her porthole.'

JAMIE:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

Neither do I. All my theories are flying out the window. It could be a coincidence that an author I've never heard of just happens to turn up in two different places, but I doubt it. (TURNING SOME PAGES) When was this banalistic drivel published? (HE STOPS AT THE FRONTISPIECE) Ah.

JAMIE:

What? When was it published?

DOCTOR:

2110.

JAMIE:

That's nearly two hundred years after the Titanic sank!

DOCTOR:

Precisely, so what was it doing in the Titanic's library? Come to that, what were John and Myra – characters from a novel written fourteen years before the Titanic sank – doing on board.

JAMIE:

They weren't.

DOCTOR:

Of course they were. That's where we met them, remember?

JAMIE:

No, Doctor. That's where we met Edward Truman and Teresa Pilkington. Teddy and Tess. Tess, Doctor. (HE PULLS OUT ANOTHER BOOK & GIVES IT TO THE DOCTOR) Look at this: it's the next book along from 'Millie of the Marie Celeste'.

DOCTOR:

(TAKING THE BOOK) 'Tess Of The Titanic' by J.P. Tumley.
(HE OPENS THE BOOK & READS) 'The moon was full and bright as Teresa Pilkington – Tess to her Chelsea chums – stepped out of the captain's cocktail party and onto the windswept deck of the RMS Titanic.' (TO HIMSELF) Tess and Teddy, Myra and John, Nemo and Aronnax – all fictional.

JAMIE:

But if they're not actors and they're not those android things either, then what are they?

DOCTOR:

(WITH REALIZATION) Avatars.

JAMIE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Avatars! Of course! I was right all along: I just got the scale of it wrong.

JAMIE:

The scale of what?

DOCTOR:

Everything. I thought we were in some enormous theme park ride in a far-flung galaxy – the Titanic Experience, the Nautilus Adventure – with Nemo and Myra and John as brainwashed tour guides. But like the grandiloquent dunderhead I am, I was thinking too big.

JAMIE:

Well, if we're not in this theme park of yours. Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Inside a computer game!

JAMIE:

A what?

DOCTOR:

Come on!

72. THE CORRIDOR. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & JAMIE ARE STRIDING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
THE DOCTOR IS FLINGING OPEN DOORS)

DOCTOR:

Hydroponics. (ANOTHER DOOR) Kitchens. (ANOTHER DOOR) Crew mess.

JAMIE:

(HURRYING TO FOLLOW) I don't follow, Doctor. We went through all these earlier.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Yes, and we were so busy looking for clues that we missed the most obvious one of all.

JAMIE:

Which was?

DOCTOR:

What's not here.

JAMIE:

I'm sorry?

DOCTOR:

The absence of something can be as revealing as its presence. Where are the store cupboards, the waste disposal facilities, the lavatories? They're not here because they don't tend to feature in computer games. What was the name of the submariner who brought you over here in the Sea Dragon?

JAMIE:

I... I don't remember. He never said his name.

DOCTOR:

Neither did the one on the bridge. Why? Because they don't have names. Only the major characters have names, everyone else is just an occupation: sailor, lookout, submariner. But what are we? Digitized? (WITH SUDDEN MISGIVINGS) Or miniaturized? Oh, I do hope not. Come on, let's get to the bridge.

(FX: THEY RESUME WALKING ALONG THE CORRIDOR)

JAMIE:

But they bleed, Doctor — the people on board this ship. The people on the Titan, too. They die. They're real.

DOCTOR:

No, they're just programmed to look that way. They're avatars, Jamie.

JAMIE:

So you keep saying. But what is an avatar?

(FX: THEY ASCEND SOME METAL STEPS)

DOCTOR:

An algorithmic alter ego, a digital doppelganger. When you play a sophisticated roleplay game such as this, the computer lets you choose a virtual character to play. You experience the game through their eyes: they are your avatar, your virtual double.

JAMIE:

I'm not following this at all. Who is this computer?

(FX: THEY EMERGE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE & PAUSE TO CATCH THEIR BREATH)

DOCTOR:

Not 'who': what. A computer is a machine that performs mathematical calculations: adding, subtracting, long division and so forth. The more sophisticated the computer, the more complex and subtle the calculations. With a powerful enough machine, you can create the most spectacular things using pure mathematics. Virtual worlds such as this one. Game environments.

JAMIE:

But what about the Titanic changing into the Titan? Was that part of this game, too?

DOCTOR:

No, I think our presence caused that. We were an anomaly – ghosts in the machine. And the computer wouldn't have liked that. You see, Jamie, I think there are three different fiction-based games going on here: *Tess Of The Titanic*, *The Wreck Of The Titan* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*. When we landed the TARDIS inside the first one and began disrupting the game, the computer must have activated a failsafe and moved us over into the nearest game with a similar plot.

JAMIE:

The Wreck Of The Titan.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. The same thing happened again after the Titan hit the iceberg. That's when we were shunted sideways into the Jules Verne game.

JAMIE:

(RESUMING WALKING) But why did Myra and John come with us each time?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. Maybe they're both being played by real people in the outside world.

JAMIE:

You make them sound like puppets.

73. CAPTAIN NEMO'S CABIN. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: NEMO IS SITTING UP IN BED, TALKING TO JOHN & MYRA)

NEMO:

Do you now understand the seriousness of the situation?

MYRA:

Yes. We had no idea.

NEMO:

You were on the fringes of the conflict. There was no reason to involve you.

JOHN:

And the Doctor really is our only hope?

NEMO:

So I'm given to understand. My instructions are to bring him back alive – at any cost.

MYRA:

And Jamie?

NEMO:

He is expendable.

74. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS OPENING PANELS & LIFTING THINGS)

JAMIE:

What are you looking for?

DOCTOR:

An access panel. About a metre or so across, shiny, hexagonal. Try behind those charts.

JAMIE:

(PULLING DOWN WALL CHARTS) And why exactly are we looking for this access panel?

DOCTOR:

I once landed in a similar situation: a terrarium filled with miniaturized exhibits. I just want to make sure I haven't done it again.

JAMIE:

There was nothing miniature about that squid.

DOCTOR:

You wait 'til you see what a miniature drashig can do. (FINISHES HIS SEARCH) No. Nothing. Well, that's a relief anyway. My avatar theory still stands.

JAMIE:

It doesn't explain what happened to the TARDIS, though, does it?

DOCTOR:

(MUSING) No. It doesn't.

NEMO:

(FROM THE DOOR) Your time machine will be returned to you once you have agreed to help us.

DOCTOR:

Captain Nemo! Good to see you up and about and suddenly very knowledgeable about time machines.

NEMO:

(APPROACHING) It has never been my intention to mislead you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, old chap. Being enigmatic is doubtless part of your programming. Where are John and Myra? Surely you brought them with you? After all, we're the only players left, aren't we?

JOHN:

(ENTERING) We're here Doctor.

MYRA:

(ENTERING) Captain Nemo's explained the situation. Please will you help us?

JAMIE:

What do you mean help you? Help you to do what?

MYRA:

To win.

JOHN:

To vanquish our enemies.

DOCTOR:

Vanquish, eh? What an elaborate word. And if I refuse?

NEMO:

Then Jamie dies. Hold him!

(FX: MYRA & JOHN GRAB JAMIE)

JAMIE:

(STRUGGLING) What on Earth d'you think you're doing? I thought we were friends?

MYRA:

(STRUGGLING TO HOLD HIM) We are, Jamie. Believe me!

JAMIE:

(STRUGGLING) Well you've a funny way of showing it!

JOHN:

(STRUGGLING TO HOLD HIM) Please, stop struggling. Hurting you is the last thing we want.

MYRA:

(SHE REACHES DOWN & TAKES OUT JAMIE'S KNIFE) But we will if we have to.

JAMIE:

Hey! That's my dirk!

DOCTOR:

This has gone far enough! Nemo: explain yourself!

NEMO:

In a moment, Doctor. I just need to check on our progress. (HE ADVANCES A FEW PACES & TURNS SOME DIALS) Two leagues and closing. Time to increase speed, I think. Initiating hydroplaning. (HE THROWS A LEVER & THE ENGINES HUM AS THE NAUTILUS SPEEDS UP)

JAMIE:

Two leagues until what?

DOCTOR:

The Maelstrom, Jamie. That's right, isn't it, Nemo? That's where we're headed. My 'destiny'. And when we get there, is that rivals defeated, competitors trounced, game over?

NEMO:

(HARSH) This is not a game, Doctor! It is a matter of life and death. If you don't help us, then they will win and the consequences for everyone – for everything – will be catastrophic.

DOCTOR:

And who are 'they'? You keep mentioning them, but you're very short on specifics.

NEMO:

Interlopers. Outsiders. They threaten the very fabric of our world, Doctor. They wish to control it, own it, use it for their own evil purposes. We cannot allow that.

DOCTOR:

Rival players? Hackers? A computer virus? What?

NEMO:

(AWKWARDLY) I am not at liberty to say. My role is to ensure your safe conduct to the centre.

DOCTOR:

The centre? Ah! The central processing unit, you mean?

JAMIE:

The what?

DOCTOR:

The core of the computer, Jamie. Where it does its thinking.

NEMO:

(READING THE DIALS) One league. (FLICKS A SWITCH) Feeding in auxiliary power. (THE SPEED INCREASES AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

John: you're a good man, a brave man. When we were on that ice floe it was Jamie who came to our rescue. Please, don't threaten him. Give him back his knife and let him go.

JOHN:

I can't, Doctor. I am still a good man, please believe me, but you have to promise to help us.

DOCTOR:

Not under duress, I don't! Myra: surely you can see this is madness? Without Jamie, you'd be dead – suffocated in a sunken wreck. Why are you doing this?

MYRA:

Because if we don't, it's the end of everything.

JAMIE:

Doctor, don't listen to them. If what they wanted was innocent, they'd have told you what it was already. Since they haven't, it means they're up to no good.

NEMO:

Help us, Doctor, and Jamie will live. Reject us and he dies.

DOCTOR:

All right, Nemo. I give in. I'll help you – just let Jamie go.

NEMO:

Release him.

(FX: JOHN & MYRA RELEASE JAMIE)

JAMIE:

About time, too.

NEMO:

Thank you, Doctor. Soon you will understand everything and I hope you shall not judge us too harshly.

DOCTOR:

Don't be so sure. Now, what is it you want me to do?

NEMO:

Hold onto something secure – that brass stanchion behind you should be ideal.

DOCTOR:

Ideal for what?

NEMO:

Now, Doctor! We're about to enter the Moskstraumen!

(FX: THE NAUTILUS SHUDDERS & SHAKES VIOLENTLY. METAL GROANS & BUCKLES. THE ENGINES WHIRR ALARMINGLY. FROM NOW ON, THE CHARACTERS MUST PITCH THEIR VOICES UP TO MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD)

JAMIE:

Doctor! Look outside!

JOHN:

It must be ten miles across! Give me your hand, Myra!

DOCTOR:

The Maelstrom!

75. THE MAELSTROM. OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.

(FX: WE CUT TO AN EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE NAUTILUS. THE WIND HOWLS, THE NAUTILUS GROANS & SHRIEKS AS IT IS DRAGGED INTO THE SWIRLING EDGE OF THE VAST CHURNING WHIRLPOOL THAT IS THE MAELSTROM)

76. THE BRIDGE. THE NAUTILUS.

(FX: THE BRIDGE IS FALLING APART ABOUT THEIR EARS. INSTRUMENTS EXPLODES, GLASS SHATTERS, PARTS OF THE CEILING FALL DOWN. THE ENTIRE BRIDGE IS SHAKING AS IF IN AN EARTHQUAKE. THE CHARACTERS SHOUT OVER THE DIN)

MYRA:

John: I love you!

JOHN:

What?

MYRA:

I said I love you!

JOHN:

I heard you the first time. I just wanted to be sure!

MYRA:

You brute! Hold me!

(FX: A GANTRY FALLS FROM THE CEILING & MYRA SCREAMS)

DOCTOR:

Jamie! Over here! Hold onto the stanchion!

JAMIE:

(CRAWLING ACROSS) What's Nemo doing? He's steering us straight into that whirlpool.

DOCTOR:

I think this is the endgame.

JAMIE:

You mean we're going to die?

DOCTOR:

I hope not. If I'm right, the Maelstrom is our way out.

(FX: AN EXPLOSION OF SPARKS)

NEMO:

Farewell, Doctor. Until we meet again!

(FX: THE CHAOS REACHES A CRESCENDO. EVERYONE CRIES OUT AS THE NAUTILUS GETS SUCKED INTO THE EYE OF THE WHIRLPOOL)

77. NOWHERE.

(FX: THE SCREAMS & THE CHAOS TRANSFORM INTO A SWIRLING WHIRLWIND OF PAPER, WHICH REVOLVES AROUND US LIKE A FLOCK OF ANGRY BIRDS. GRADUALLY, THE WHIRLWIND DISSIPATES & THE PAPERS FALL TO THE GROUND LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES: THEY ARE THE TORN PAGES OF BOOKS. AS THEY RAIN DOWN...)

JAMIE:

Where are we, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I... I don't know.

JAMIE:

Where's the Nautilus? And John and Myra and Captain Nemo?

DOCTOR:

(BAFFLED) I think they just turned into... paper.

JAMIE:

Paper?

(FX: THE DOCTOR CATCHES A SHEET OF PAPER)

DOCTOR:

Printed paper. The pages of books. (READING) 'But what has become of the Nautilus? Has it resisted the pressure of the Maelstrom? Is Captain Nemo still alive?' (TO JAMIE) It's from the final chapter of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea'.

JAMIE:

(PICKING UP A PAGE) "'Never again," said Rowland, rising. "I've a future now, as well as a past"' That'll be from 'The Wreck Of The Titan'.

DOCTOR:

No doubt some of these pages are from 'Tess Of The Titanic'. Verne, Robertson and Tumley tumbling from the sky like autumn leaves.

(FX: THE PAGES SETTLE)

JAMIE:

So is this it, then? Are we in the centre? The brain of that computer of yours?

DOCTOR:

(STANDING UP) I'm not sure. If we are, then it's like no computer I've ever seen.

JAMIE:

(STANDING UP) It's so... white. Like a fog. It could go on forever or stop six feet in front of us for all we know.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Books.

JAMIE:

What?

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Books and... ink.

JAMIE:

Are you all right? You're not making much sense.

DOCTOR:

(WITH HORROR) Oh Jamie. I was wrong. Hopelessly, horribly wrong. About as wrong as it is possible to be. This isn't a computer game.

JAMIE:

What is it then? (HUMOROUSLY) Heaven?

DOCTOR:

Quite the opposite.

JAMIE:

Och, come on! Stop joshing. We must be somewhere.

DOCTOR:

Somewhere, nowhere, everywhere. The normal rules of space and time don't apply in this place. I came here once before. With Zoe and... and you.

JAMIE:

With me? Sorry, Doctor, but you must be mistaken. I think I'd remember the coming here. It's not exactly a sight you see everyday, now is it? A great big blank. A white mist. It's more like something out of a book!

(FX: A STRANGE CREAKING SOUND GRADUALLY APPROACHES THROUGH THE MIST. OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:

That's exactly what this is, Jamie. But not just one book. Any book. All books.

JAMIE:

(IS THE DOCTOR MAD?) Oh aye. Is that a fact?

DOCTOR:

It's about the only fact you'll find here. This is a land where fiction is king.

JAMIE:

Doctor. Something's coming out of the mist. People, by the looks of it. People in armour.

(FX: THE CREAKING SOUND GETS LOUDER)

DOCTOR:

Not people, Jamie, no: robots. (THE CREAKING STOPS) White Robots.

CLOSING THEME MUSIC.